THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1970.

THE NEW TEMPLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

How shall we make a house of worth
Fit for the Builder of the earth?
A temple high and broad,
A dwelling for our God?

Build the wide windows fair and high,
Let in the light of sun and sky;
Shut not the Master's face
Out of His dwelling-place.

Make room for tender Charity,
And Love's unwearying ministry;
Let Patience mild and meek
Her gentle teachings speak.

Build all the doorway arches wide,
Yet make no room for pompous Pride—
So Vanity and Sin
Shall never enter in.

Let not the false similitude
Of marble shame the honest wood—
Let not Hypocrisy
Within our temple be.

Let not the breath of worldly gain
Its sacred atmosphere profane—
Let Mammon come not near
The souls which worship here.

Let Bigotry and Fear and Doubt
Remain forevermore without—
Let not their shadows fall
Within its holy wall.

Lest when the Christ—as once of yore
He entered at the temple door—
Shall come to see how dim
Our love has grown for Him—

To see how much of good and grace
We've gathered to His dwelling-place,
He speak reproofs as then
Against the sins of men,

And grieving, ask us, "Is it well
Within my house to buy and sell?
Behold my eye perceives
Only a den of thieves!"

No! When in answer to our prayer
He comes and walks among us there,
Oh, may we hear anew—
"My peace I leave with you!

"For in this earthly house of mine
I feel my Father's presence shine—
My children here alway
Love even as they pray!"

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU," "DARNLEY," "MARY OF BURGUNDY," "THE OLD DOMINION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

"Now steady, my men! steady!" said the Earl of Dartmoor, entering the kitchen of the inn, "not a shot till I give the order! Balls thrown away, have lost more than one battle in these sad wars. Lucy, come down from that window, and let me get up. Fie, man, your hand shakes."

"It is with eagerness, then, my lord," replied the man, making way, "let me give them one shot, at least."

"When you are less eager," replied the Earl; "it is not eagerness we want, but coolness. You could not hit the stable door, just now. Calm yourself, man; and you shall come up as soon as I have seen the effect of the first fire."

Thus saying, he climbed upon the table and looked out. The dismounted troopers were advancing steadily and in good order; and were apparently men who had seen some service.

"They are detaching men to the right and left," said the Earl; "mark them well, and let them not get round the house. There is our weak point. Hold! not yet, not yet! cover them well."

He paused, holding up his hand to enforce obedience; and then followed a moment or two of profound silence, while with a heavy tramp, increasing in quickness as they approached the house, the enemy came on. When they were so near that the whites of their eyes could be seen, and each man raised his fire lock to aim at the heads they saw at the windows, the Earl dropped his hand, exclaiming, "Fire!" and at once, a volley poured forth which told with terrible effect. Some six or seven of the assailants rolled upon the ground at once. Others were evidently hit, but more slightly; but both those who were wounded and those who were untouched, fell back in dismay upon the body behind, carrying confusion with them.

"Load, load!" cried Bernard March; "they will soon form again. Here, give me a carbine. It is a long shot, but I will try it;" and aiming deliberately at the head of the body of cavalry, he fired. The ball dropped somewhat in its course—for arms were anything but perfect in those days—and missing the rider, struck the horse of the man apparently in command of the troopers. The poor beast reared, rushed madly among the ranks, and then fell, rolling over upon his master, around whom a good deal of bustle was observed, as his followers strove to raise him, and carry him to the rear. That shot seemed a signal to the men in the stables, for a sharp fire was opened at once, from the doors and the small windows which faced the green, upon the flank of the cavalry; but in the meanwhile the great body of foot, who were advancing to support the advance, soon rallied from their temporary disarray, and came on at quick time.

"Here, Lucy, come up now," said Bernard, "you can stand here. Calmly, calmly, my man!"

And he stooped down to aid him up to the top of the table on which he himself was placed. But just as the young man reached the top, a ball passed the window, and struck him on the head. With a convulsive spring, but without a word, he fell back; and Bernard March catching the carbine from his hand as he fell, turned to the window. There was some thin smoke curling round a man in the front rank of the advancing party, and the carbine was instantly levelled towards him.

"That man is too good a shot to fire any more," said Bernard March, as he pressed the stock to his shoulder so tight, that the barrel seemed to tremble. It could have shaken but little, however; for the next instant, the man who had fired was rolling on the ground.

"Poor fellow!" said the young Earl, jumping down from the table, and looking at Lucy, "he would have made a good soldier when he got over his eagerness. God be with him! Lay him on yonder bed. Now, gentlemen, we can get more bullets to each window, I think. Draw a little back those two mattresses. That will give six more guns. No one will care for scorching his hose for life, liberty, and King Charles. So fire between our friends here; but mind that every ball be true. If I see one ball fail, I shall think that he who fired it, was afraid. It must be nearly time to give them another volley. What are they doing, Ingoldsby?"

"They seem consulting, my lord," replied the man whom he addressed. "They have stopped in their advance, and are pointing up at the house."

"Let them not pass that little path which crosses the green," said Lord Dartmoor. "I must see to the horses in the shed; for we shall soon have to come to closer quarters with them. In the meantime, I trust to you to keep them back; for—" he added with a laugh—"I am terribly afraid, as you may see; and if they pass the corner, they may make me prisoner, which I should not like."

The mind, there can be no doubt, is more susceptible of infection than the body, and the high and well-assured tone of their leader added not a little to the courage and determination of men who were anything but defective in those qualities.

"Where is the cornet, old man?" asked the Earl, speaking in a low voice to the landlord of the house, who had remained below, while his wife had gone up to comfort the ladies, after her fashion, "one was brought here, I saw. The other is most likely at the stables."

"It is there, my lord; it is there," he answered, "in the corner behind the cupboard. But alackaday! I fear me it is a bad case."

"A bad case!" said Bernard, almost scornfully; "in ten minutes you shall see those men flying along the road. Hark! There is another volley. How many are down, Ingoldsby?"

"I cannot see for the smoke, my lord," replied the man, "but I think not less than nine. Stay. Two have got round the house, and a petard with them. For Heaven's sake, look to the back door."

"Take care of them here; leave the others to me," said the Earl. "Give them another shot while they are in confusion. Load quick there below; you can surely load as quick as they can fire;" and he hurried at once to the shed behind the house. There he found the horses, some thirteen or fourteen in number, quietly munching some hay at the rack; but at the wide door were gathered seven or eight men with carbines in their hands, one of whom was leaning against the door post, with his weapon pointed at some one apparently coming up, while one of his companions had a hand laid lightly on his shoulder, and was whispering in his ear. The man to whom he spoke, quietly motioned him back, and the young Earl paused short ere he reached him, saying,

"Coolly, coolly!"

There was an instant of perfect silence, and then the sharp crack of the carbine.

"He is over!" said the man who had fired; "I never miss my mark, at a cool hundred."

And looking forth, Bernard saw that what he said was true. The man carrying the petard, was on the ground; but his companion was unscathed, and running back to his companions on the green. Perhaps the leader would not have objected that he should carry with him the tidings that all sides of the house were well guarded; but three or four shots were at once fired over his shoulder, and the Roundhead, whoever he was, retreated slowly with a dishonorable wound.

"Well aimed," said Bernard March, "I trust the defence of this post to you. I see you have the horses safe. Some of you put on the saddles, and see that the ladies' horses be girthed up tight. In about ten minutes we shall have to attack those fellows in front and disperse them. We must not let them waste all our ammunition."

"They are not firing from the barn, my lord," said the man to whom he spoke; "I have not seen a puff of smoke from that quarter; and only one volley from the stables."

"They do well," replied the young Earl, "they obey orders. In a few minutes you will see more. Only guard this spot surely. It is our weakest point. You have the post of honor."

"But they are not firing from the upper windows, either, sir," rejoined the man, "at least I think so—and I have looked out three or four times."

"That is a mistake," said Bernard, "I gave the order; but the men were hurried, and may have forgotten it. I will go and see."

Thus saying, he left them and hurried back into the house. He there found the soldier's information true. No men had been placed at the upper windows; but the defect was soon remedied, and six more bullets were poured upon the enemy as they advanced again to the attack. But though they came on boldly and in tolerable order, it was evident to so practiced an eye as Lord Dartmoor's, that they were disheartened, as much, perhaps, by the perfect inactivity of their horse, as by their own want of success. Again they recoiled, and this time they fell back almost to the feet of the horses; but there they rallied, and an eager conversation took place between the foot and some of the mounted men.

"They will come on once more," said the Earl, "but it will be their last attack. Load carefully, and fire deliberately. In five minutes our turn will come. Each man be ready at a moment's warning to issue forth to the attack. Those troopers will run in a moment. All their old soldiers are dismounted in front. I go up to the roof. Listen for the trumpet, and when it sounds dash out upon the enemy. If you do not win a complete victory to-day I am much in error."

He took the cornet, or flag of a troop of horse from the corner in which it had been placed, beckoned to a young man who stood near with a trumpet in his hand to follow him, and mounted the stairs. For one moment he again paused at the door of Lucy Langdale, and looked in. She and her mother were on their knees by the side of the bed, while Henry and the men were standing at the window. Bernard threw his arm gently round her, saying,

"Fear not, my love, fear not! Those men will be flying in five minutes. Henry, get all ready to depart, and when you hear the trumpet lead Lucy and your mother down to the shed I showed you. You will find the horses there. Mount and follow with these good men. Let me and the rest sally forth first. We will clear the green of the rebels for you in a minute. They are already shaken, and know not whether to stand or run. One good charge and they are gone. But wait for the trumpet ere you go down. Fear not, my love, fear not!"

"It was for you I was praying, Bernard," said Lucy; but at that moment came the sound of a loud volley, both from the room below and that opposite, and Lord Dartmoor darted up the stairs to the roof of the house.

The scene below was one he was pleased to see. The body of Roundhead musketeers was sadly diminished, and in complete confusion, and it would seem that a party of the cavalry having turned upon the stables had been received by a fire so true and well directed, that it had not only thrown the young levy into disarray, but actually put them to flight, and a considerable body was galloping down the lane as fast as they could go.

Bernard seized the cornet from the hands of the trumpeter, and shook it from the parapet of the house, crying,

"Blow! blow a charge with all your might!"

The next instant the shrill, inspiring sound of a cavalry charge was heard ringing over the green, the great barn doors were thrown open, and out darted the royalist horse upon the flank of the enemy. But Bernard March did not wait to see. Ere the last trooper had left the barn, he was down the stairs, in the shed, and upon his horse.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Hurried rapidly down the little stairs, and mounted on her horse, she hardly knew how, with her bridle rein in the hand of her brother, and young John Gray by her mother's side, Lucy Langdale opened her large, dark eyes upon the scene on the green before her. All for a moment seemed confusion, of which she could make nothing—men and horses inextricably confounded, swords flashing, guns firing, and clouds of smoke rolling along with the light wind. But soon she saw the figure of him she loved best on earth, followed by her old friend Pierrot, and a stout man she knew not, driving his charger into the midst of a body of foot, and with uplifted arm smiting right and left with blows which never fell in vain. Forth from the door of a long range of wooden buildings opposite poured a line of men, some mounted, but most on foot, firing as they came up, while a considerable body of cavalry were seen galloping as if for life down the lane which led to the more cultivated country on the left; and amidst the whole appeared a number of figures of what party she could not discover, catching stray horses, lifting wounded men from the ground, or in separate groups waging a hand to hand fight with some of those whose determined courage resisted to the last.

The din was deafening, for there were many sounds—discharges of musketry, and separate pistol shots, and loud cries of command, and shrieks of wounded men, and the braying of the trumpet; but above all were heard the clear, melodious tones of the young leader, giving his orders apparently as calmly as if he were speaking in a saloon.

"Mount, mount, my men, and pursue those fugitives along the road!" cried Bernard March to the men who were issuing from the stables, "do not follow too far; but let them not form again for a mile or two. Leave these to us. Charge that body on the right, Loftus! They are rallying—keep back, Henry Langdale. Don't you see they are turning your flank! Charge those in front, Harding. By the Lord they will cut him off," and suddenly wheeling his horse he spurred towards the spot where Lucy and her mother were coming up. Lucy closed her eyes, for a dozen of the musketeers were at once upon her brother. She felt his hand let go her rein, and a shot, and a scream from her mother, with a wild whirl of objects round her told that something terrible had happened. But when she opened her eyes again, the first objects she saw were Henry's horse rolling on the ground, he himself prostrate near, with a musketeer standing over him, and Bernard March, with his sword high in air, dealing a blow at the foot soldier's neck. It was none too soon; for the musket only hung fire for a moment, and as the man fell with his head nearly severed from his shoulders, the piece went off, and the ball passed between Lucy and her mother.

"Up and mount another horse, Henry!" cried the Earl, turning his charger upon the other musketeers. "Catch that beast, John—follow more slowly—let the green be cleared;" and he galloped on, but the foot stood not to resist; defeated, dispirited, they fled across the little open space, clambered over the gates and hedges, and seemed to have no thought but of escaping from the fiery pursuit behind them.

John Grey caught without difficulty the horse of one of the troopers who had fallen, and aided Henry Langdale, sorely bruised and shaken, to remount; and slowly the little party began to move forward again till they reached the high road. Lady Langdale rode up to her son's side, eagerly inquiring if he was hurt, and Lucy asked many questions too; but her eyes, it must be confessed, wandered to other parts of the scene, where the form of Bernard March appeared whirling about, now here, now there, driving the scattered fragments of the Roundhead force before him, and never giving them even a moment to attempt a rally again. The only body indeed which showed any disposition to do so, was composed of the old foot soldiers; but so complete had become the panic, that many even of these threw away their muskets to escape more easily, and scarcely a horseman was now in sight.

It was indeed a fearful scene for poor Lucy Langdale, when at length she and her mother drew up their horses on the road some seventy yards from the inn door. Dead and dying were scattered thickly about, and wounded horses were seen on every side, expiring in mute patience, or struggling up for a moment in the agonies of death, and falling back again with a convulsive plunge. Seldom, in so small a space and with so few men engaged on either side, had a more bloody field been fought; and long afterwards—ay, even in the present day—has it been remembered as "the bloody skirmish of Goose Green."

All the sights turned the poor girl faint, and she now for the first time had a full idea of those horrors of war which she had often heard of, but never before seen.

Young John Grey marked the fading color in her cheek, and while her mother endeavored to encourage her with words of comfort, he called it a glorious victory; producing no answer but a faint shake of the head. The lad rode off to the inn, calling upon his father, old John, to bring something to restore the young lady. The old man not very willingly looked forth, and ventured a little way out when he saw that the green was cleared, but his good old wife bustled forward and approached Lucy's side with a glass and a bottle of water, saying, "Take some of this, my dear, it would be better if it were stronger; but the men have drunk us all out. It is the same with all of them, the Cavaliers drink and sing, and the Roundheads pray and drink. But there is many a one of them who will neither pray nor drink after this day."

"Where is Lord Dartmoor?" asked Lucy faintly, "I do not see him now."

"He is gone up the lane, my lady, driving the last of those men before him, I fancy to stop them from rallying on the moor. He won't leave them as long as there are two of them together. I saw him ride by from the window. I fancy these folks will not meddle with him again. It's like fingering melted lead they say to touch him."

By degrees some eight or ten of the men who had scattered in pursuit of the fugitives came in, and gathered round Lady Langdale and her family. Some were slightly wounded, others were untouched; but all were soiled with smoke and dirt; and after gazing for a moment at them abstractedly, Lucy said, in a low voice, "Had we not better dismount, mother, and take some care of the wounded."

"Assuredly, my child. It is well bethought," answered Lady Langdale; and dismounting from their horses, they proceeded to offer what aid they could to any of the poor wretches whom they found lying round: some received that service kindly; others repulsed them with hard words, even in the midst of agony; and assuredly many a horrid and sickening sight had poor Lucy to see; but on the whole, the exertion did her good; and she could hardly believe that half an hour had passed when one of the soldiers came up to her, saying, "I hear the trumpet blowing the recall, my Lady. The Earl will be up in a minute now. We had better get ready to march. I know there is no time to spare."

"Let us do all we can," answered Lucy, "I will mount as soon as he bids me."

"In the meantime," said Lady Langdale, "cannot some one bring water? all these poor creatures complain of intolerable thirst."

Water was soon brought; and those two fair creatures went round, aided by the maid, raising the cool drink to many a parched lip. That was a boon not to be refused even by the most fierce and fanatical of the wounded men; and the two ladies were still in the execution of the most blessed task that can fall to human hands when Bernard March rode up, followed by about one-third of his horsemen, with the heat and excitement of victory and pursuit still flashing in his eye and glowing on his cheek.

"Sound the recall! Loud, loud as you can blow!" said the young leader to the trumpeter behind him. "We have no time to spare. We must be across the moor before any of these men can rally. It has been a glorious day—but," he added as he cast his eyes over the green, "this is a sad spectacle;" and as he caught sight of Lucy and Lady Langdale, he added to himself in a lower voice, "They teach me a duty."

He dismounted from his horse quietly but quickly, for the impetuous part of his character had come out in that fierce brief strife, and could not be mastered in a moment.

"Bring out all the horses and all the ammunition," he said, speaking to one of the officers behind him. "Let nothing be left which can be useful. Strange, I must leave that task to you. I must see that some care is taken of these poor wretches. I believe that none of our men are seriously wounded. Their shots at the windows told too fatally to leave the misery of a lingering death. Young Lucy went at once and hardly felt the blow; but I saw two others fall in the house, and their state must be seen to. Gather all the cavalry in order upon the green, ready to act on either road—Sound a recall! cannot you blow louder?"

"You gallop so fast, my lord," said the man, "you leave one no breath;" but without any answer, Lord Dartmoor turned away. He paused near Lucy Langdale, however, saying low and softly.

"You had better mount and be ready to depart, my love. Dear Lady," addressing Lady Langdale, "we must effect our march with all speed. We have won the day against great odds, and I hope the enemy are so far dispersed that we shall meet no further interruption; but it is well to leave nothing to chance, and if they rallied they might annoy us. I will have these poor fellows taken care of. My orders will soon be given. You and Lucy mount, and I will join you in a moment."

"Oh! give me some water! In God's name give me some water!" cried a man near, who had evidently approached too near the gates of death ever to retrace his steps; but it was a comfort for his last hour; and had he died even while the cup was at his lips, Lord Dartmoor could not have found it in his heart to ask Lucy to forbear. She hurried to him and gave him water; and then to another, and another.

Bernard turned into the house.

"Here, old John Grey," he exclaimed, "you say I saved your life, after Long Marston moor. If you hold your life worth anything see to those poor wounded men without. Let them be well tended. It will be worth your while, whichever party wins. If the Parliament be lords of the day, so shall you curry favor with them. If King Charles is victorious, as well I hope he will be, I will exact a strict account of your obedience to my commands. Let the dead have Christian burial whatever faction they be of. First, that poor fellow who lies on the bed there, mark his grave with a little cross, and the letters C. L. There is that man lying beneath the window. He, too, was shot in the head. There was a third up stairs. Send up quick and see if there be any life in him."

The old man ran up himself; and while he was gone, the young Earl settled some accounts with the old woman, who had followed him into the house, pouring some money into her hand, and saying,

"That is quite enough, good dame. Well, John?"

"Alack! He is quite dead and stiffening already, my lord," said the old man.

"Let him be buried with the rest," said Bernard. "Keep the Cavaliers apart, though they have gone where factions are stilled, and all is peace. Bring out those carbines, and give them to Sergeant Loftus. They may be of service again. They have done well to-day."

When he left the inn and reappeared upon the green, he found Lucy and her mother remounted, and a party of horse drawn up a little in advance. Some spare horses, a number of pistols and carbines, and a good deal of ammunition were being brought up from the stables and the barn; and some five minutes elapsed in giving orders and making arrangements. By the end of that time, the larger party of cavalry, who had been pursuing the fugitives to the left, began to appear, and with great rapidity and good discipline, the men formed upon the green. Lord Dartmoor, who had been talking on foot with young Henry Langdale, gave a few brief, clear orders to some of his officers; and then springing on his horse, advanced to the head of the line. He took off his hat and plume; and there was a dead silence; but his words, though loud and clear, were few.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I congratulate you! Long live King Charles; and God send him such soldiers as you."

There was a loud cheer from the men, and then Lord Dartmoor wheeled his horse to Lucy's side, but paused there for a moment without speaking. Then pointing with his sword, he exclaimed,

"Now march!"

As well as if they had been disciplined for months, the cavalry began to defile along the road, first a couple of horsemen, then, with an interval of some fifty yards, two more, and then, at a similar distance, a considerable party of well armed and well mounted men. When they had passed, Bernard laid his hand lightly upon Lucy's rein, saying, in a gentle tone,

"Now, my love. Lady Langdale, let us move on," and taking the middle of the road, with Henry Langdale by the side of his mother, and the horsemen who had accompanied the two ladies riding on the right and left, Lord Dartmoor advanced at an easy pace towards the moor. A strong body followed, with a small party bringing up the rear, and covering some baggage and ammunition packed upon strong horses.

For a few minutes every one kept silence till the little column issued forth upon the open heath, and a wide view was opened on every side around. If there were enemies near, they must have been crouching among the low bushes, for no living object was to be seen, except what seemed to be a man on horseback galloping off at not less than two miles distance. The sun shone brightly; the wild birds skimmed and whistled over the heath, and all seemed peace and gladness. What a contrast to the scene just past! Lucy could not help thinking of him who rode so calmly and gently by her side; and asking herself, can this be that same fiery horseman whom, not an hour ago, I saw cleaving his way like a thunderbolt through the thickest of the enemy! Perhaps Bernard himself might judge that her he loved had seen that day a phase of his character which might pain—might frighten her. But there is no combination in that strange, mixed mass called human nature, which wins so greatly upon a woman's heart as energy and gentleness.

CHAPTER XIX.

Long catalogues of names in the octosyllabic measure, by their harmony and the cadence they afford, very often, as we all must have felt in reading one of Sir Walter Scott's early poems, afford that pictorial element which is almost indispensable in all poetry. We see the ship of the Lord of the Isles pursue its voyage from spot to spot; we see the horse of William of Deloraine bear him from place to place; we see the hunt of James Fitzjames carry him deep into the highlands; but the march of the verse is still required, and, alas, the poor prose writer has not the same privilege. It would serve but little except to tire the reader, to tell how Lord Dartmoor and his little party passed on from the heath, which then lay between Upton and Tewksbury, first to Ekington, and then to Childs Wickham. All went quietly enough. The beautiful hills of Malvern were left behind, with many a fair sight and scene, which in happier moments might have wiled the travellers to linger, but which now only obtained a passing glance. The party moved on at a quick pace; for they knew that the march must be long, and that much time had been consumed in the skirmish of the morning; but, at the same time, they had to consider that the horses were already tired, and, perhaps, Bernard March might think that there were others in his company who could not so well bear a hasty ride as himself, and his cavaliers; at Ekington all halted for a few minutes to refresh the beasts; but it was a royalist part of the country; and ready service waited on those who bore King Charles's colors. But something evidently disappointed the young Earl, and when, after apparently making many inquiries of the people standing about the inn door, he rejoined Lucy and her mother, his face, to say the least, was thoughtful, not to say sad, and his first words were rather forced than natural.

"What is the matter, Bernard?" asked Lucy, with her usual frankness. "Your brow is cloudy, my love. Do you think we shall have a new attack?"

"Oh, no, dearest," he answered, with a smile at apprehensions he could not share. "No fear of that now. We are in the most friendly part of the land; but, the fact is, Henry and I have both been making many inquiries; he about his father, I about the King; and we can gain no tidings of either. The last news I had led me to believe that his majesty's forces must by this time be near Walshall or Birmingham. In that case the people must have heard of his advance; but, they assure me they have no tidings, with such an air of simple honesty I cannot but believe them. However, we can only pass on. At Childs Wickham probably I shall hear more, and there I can assuredly give you a quiet night. There is an old lady, a distant cousin of mine, a prudent and politic dame, who is right loyal at heart, but, who, by a little temporising, has contrived to keep her estates from the greedy clutches of Parliament. I will send a messenger thence to Evesham. He will obtain certain news of your father, and perhaps bring me intelligence from the King."

"It is strange, Bernard, is it not?" said Henry Langdale, who was riding close behind,

"that you have neither information nor commands from his majesty. What can be the cause of that?"

"There may be a thousand causes," answered Bernard March, in an easy tone. "He is marching in great haste; his messengers may have been cut off: mine may never have reached him: his hard-headed counsellors may think that my little force could be of small service; or some kind friend of mine in the camp may have asked, Who is the Earl of Dartmoor—what can the Earl of Dartmoor do? You know not courts and camps, my dear lad. Those who serve a King must serve him for his own sake, must learn to bear much, and be content with little; but I doubt not that some of the thousand accidents which are always playing on the world's great stage, have prevented intelligence from reaching me. Cheer up, dear Lucy. We shall be at Childs Wickham an hour after sunset, and you shall have some repose. But mind, whatever you see, take no notice. This good lady requires some compulsion to make her do what she has a mind to; but in her heart I am lord paramount at her house."

He spoke very cheerfully; but the eyes of love are keen, and Lucy was not persuaded to believe that her lover was aught but most uneasy. She would not, however, add even the weight of a word to the burden which pressed upon his mind already, though could she have really seen what was passing in his heart—the certainty that a battle must be very near—the fear that he might not be present at it—the stern resolution to stake all upon success, and to cast away life itself as a mere bauble, if he could but win the day for his King—the poor girl herself might have been more uneasy.

In his calculation of the time necessary for the march, Bernard March was very nearly correct. No accident occurred to delay the progress of the party; the sun set in tranquil splendor: a pale, yellow glory spread from the west over the whole sky, and it had hardly faded into a clear night, when on the right of the road, appeared two large iron gates with a building behind each, in that perhaps unsymmetrical but still picturesque brick architecture which distinguished the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. The first party of cavalry passed by the gates on the road and then wheeled, and when Bernard came up he advanced in person and shook the iron grating; but no one answered, though the windows showed that the lodges were not without tenants.

"This is too bad," he said, "the old lady carries her whims too far. Let some of the best mounted men follow me; and so saying he turned his horse upon the road, put him into a quick pace, and cleared, but just cleared the low stone wall.

A number of others followed, scrambling over as best they could, for all the beasts were fatigued, and some of them refused the leap. Enough, however, followed their young commander to seize upon the different doors of the lodges, and Bernard March knocked hard at that on the right hand, somewhat doubting, it is true, whether he might not find the place in possession of some Parliamentary force, although from what he knew of the country he judged such a result not very likely.

The door was opened slowly, by an old man with a candle in his hand, who stared stupidly at the party of armed horsemen, saying, in the olden parlance,

"Give you good den, Gentles. I should say, give you good night. What seek you here? We are all quiet, God fearing people, under protection, and are exempt from billet and subsistence, except a bowl of barley meal, or half a gallon of pease for each man, and wheaten bread for those holding commissions—and beer—beer of course; and good beer it is too."

"As you know by the frequent taste thereof," said the young Earl. "Why how now, old Jerome, do you not know me? Methinks the very sound of my voice would have wakened you up with the memory of other years. Open those gates, old man—nay, no words. Open the gates! If not, a charge of powder will soon leave no look at all."

"But, my lord—my good lord," said the old man, who seemed marvellously soon to recover his recollection, "my Lady Dame Janet ordered me to open to no one."

"You cannot resist superior force, Jerome," said the Earl. "I would use no hard measures with an old friend; but if you force me to blow the lock off, the gates must stand open all night. Only tell me one thing, and tell me truly; for this hesitation makes me suspicious, are there any Roundhead troops in the house?"

"God forbid!" said the old man, warmly. "No, no, my lady would not let any of such sort within her doors if she could help it—only—only—"

"Only what?" asked the Earl, almost sternly.

"Only, my lord, because there are some expected very shortly," said the old man, in a tone of so much hesitation that the doubts of Lord Dartmoor were rather confirmed than removed by his words.

The gates were, however, opened with some slowness, giving the whole party room to pass in. The Earl ordered them at once to be shut and the keys brought to him; and bidding the old man go in and go to sleep, he himself led the way towards the house.

The road passed down a long avenue of fine elms, at that time of year in complete leaf, while the moon, just rising, glanced across the path, and covered the brown slopes of grass and fern in the park, with gleams of silvery light.

All was still and quiet around; nothing animate was to be seen, except when a hare, startled by the horses' feet, scampered away, paused, lifted its tall ears, and then dashed off again.

At length, however, the terrace before the house was reached; and ere the party began to ascend the rise leading up to the front door, Bernard, in a quiet tone, ordered a halt, and bidding some six or seven picked men to dismount, led the way on foot, and rang the great bell at the door. It was an old Elizabethan building of considerable extent, with numerous small windows stretching along the front, and the young Earl's eye ran along the facade, where several, but not many, lamps or candles were burning. All had an appearance of peaceful quiet, and no light but one moved along the front; but there was a keen eye watching, and every motion of that light was remarked. There was time for observation; for the door was not opened very rapidly; and before any ingress was granted, a small window was raised, and a voice inquired,

"Who is there at this hour of the night?"

"It is I, the Earl of Dartmoor," replied the young nobleman. "William Hardcastle, open and let me in."

"Good lack, my lord, I must ask my lady," said the old servant; "she is very positive just now to receive no one of either party. She says her brain is turned with these disputes, and she knows not which is right and which is wrong."

"I do," said the Earl, "so be quick; for I am coming in, and I do not bide standing before the door."

"Anon, my lord, anon," said the old man; and he retired from the window.

For perhaps the space of a minute Bernard March stood as if in expectation; but then taking a step or two along the terrace, to the window at the side, from which the man had spoken, he laid his hand upon the sill, and vaulted in. In another moment, the door was unlocked and the bolts drawn back; and exclaiming aloud, with a laugh, "Ville prise!" Lord Dartmoor left his men to guard the possession they had obtained, and retired to lift Lucy and Lady Langdale from their horses.

"Follow, Henry," he said, "I will see to the accommodation of the men in a moment. Let that good girl come in, too; her ladies will want her."

Thus saying, he led the way into the house, and found in the hall some five or six old serving men, known in those days by the name of blue-bottles, probably from some supposed resemblance between their ale-tinctured noses, and the proboscis of the fly so called. The armed men had not moved, but one of them, Sergeant Loftus, was winking his eye to an old gentleman whom he seemed to know; and if one might judge from the row of faces, the good servitors of the house were not at all displeased at the sight of the young lord. They were all smiles, though none of them spoke; and giving his arm to Lady Langdale, Bernard led her forward towards the end of the corridor, where he threw open a door, giving entrance to a hall of large dimensions, but furnished, in what was then considered, modern taste. At the opposite end of the room, near the large fire-place, stood an old lady, as straight and stiff as one of the tall-backed chairs. There was a good deal of irritation in her countenance, and the large fan in her hand was in a continual state of agitation, as she listened to something old Hardcastle was saying to her.

"Bernard, I must say I am surprised," she said, in a sharp tone, advancing towards him; but he suffered her not to conclude the sentence.

"I know you are, dear lady," he said, "the whole house is surprised. It is mine by a *coup de main;* and from this moment I take possession of it in the name of his Majesty, King Charles the Second. You may judge I am not going to use my victory harshly; but I have here one hundred and fifty horses, and a hundred and thirty-three men, who must all be provided for. Moreover, let me introduce you to Lady Langdale, Countess of Mirepoix, and to Mademoiselle Lucy Langdale, who has escaped by a miracle, as yet, from being Countess of Dartmoor. They will expect hospitable entertainment, and comfortable rooms for the night, which I am sorry to exact; but as I hear you have turned Parliamentarian, I am bound to provide for the King's friends."

"Bernard, Bernard!" said the old lady, "your jokes are somewhat rude. But how shall I account to the powers that be for harboring you here?"

"I am the powers that be," answered the Earl; "if any one else asks any questions, reply *Force Majeur!* And tell them that if you had not given what I demanded, I would have taken it, which you may say with a good conscience, and in all sincerity."

"You hear, Hardcastle," said the old lady; "I yield to compulsion—to compulsion in my own house. My lord, what may be your high commands? Oh, I remember. A hundred and fifty men, and the same number of horses. Tell all the grooms in the parish to take care of his lordship's men and horses; but, remember, it is all upon compulsion. There be doubtless some gentlemen and officers amongst them. Let them be civilly entreated in the hall—upon compulsion. But here is another task, my lord, and a more pleasant one," she continued, with much old-fashioned grace, advancing to Lady Langdale and Lucy. "Ladies, excuse me for keeping you standing. Pray be seated. I was obliged to notice first the commands of this ill-mannered boy, lest he should spoil the house. Be seated, pray. All shall be ready in a minute for your due entertainment."

But Lady Langdale remained standing, and answered with an air of much dignity,—

"I thank you, madam; but excuse my saying I would rather sleep in yonder park, than take advantage of unwilling hospitality rendered on compulsion."

The old lady laughed good-humoredly, saying, "Nonsense, nonsense, my dear girl. Do not spoil it all now. The matter is very well as it is. Sleep in the park, God wot! Very fit, I think, for you and this pretty little thing. What, with a hundred and fifty rake-helly cavaliers to keep you company! Sit, sit. They will serve supper for us in a minute. Bernard, you go away, and order your men. See that they behave themselves; they can have the baron of beef, and plenty of pork chops, with as much strong beer as will leave them sober. Now, my dear children, let us have a quiet, pleasant evening—upon compulsion."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Insolence.—A man who was taken up for stealing a shirt, made the following ingenious defence:—"I did not steal the shirt. I was passing by a shop, and I saw the shirt hanging up, and then I took hold of it. When I took hold of it, it dropped down into my hands, and I knew that if I stood there with it, any one who saw me would think that I meant to steal it; so I ran off to prevent suspicion."

☞ Taxes for education are like vapors, which rise only to descend again, to beautify and to fertilise the earth.—*Burke.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

Four Copies, - - - - $3,00 a year.
Eight " and one to getter up of Club,) 10,00 "
Thirteen, (and one to getter up of Club,) 15,00 "
Twenty (and one to getter up of Club,) 20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Hewitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

NATURAL MAGIC.

There are few things more amusing—and few, we may add, more instructive—than to witness, for the first time, the performances of some noted conjurer—using the word in its modern, and not in its ancient meaning. As to the amusement, probably none will dispute our assertion; as to the instruction, few, we think, will dispute it after a few moment's reflection. For it must be evident that it is of great importance that every one should have an idea of the extent to which avowedly merely human powers of deception can be carried, so that we may not be led to acknowledge as miracles, what is simply the result of knavish trickery and imposture. An audience of men ignorant in this respect, may be astounded by that which those of better knowledge would look upon as the result of purely natural causes. In fact, not many years since, one of the ablest of the juggling fraternity, M. Houdin, was deputed by the Government of France, to visit Algeria, and destroy the prestige of the Marabouts, or native priests, who were continually exciting the people to insurrections by the influence of their alleged miracles. Of the result, the following account is given:—

On the night of the first performance, the balcony presented a magnificent appearance; some sixty chieftains, in their red mantles, were assembled, and gazed with stolid amazement on the kafir who was about to defeat their prophets. Their attention was not aroused until Houdin began producing cannon-balls from a hat. Then came the horn of abundance, which gave an opportunity of presenting small gifts to the chiefs, which they accepted very suspiciously; but when "the inexhaustible bowl" produced fragrant mocha, they could not resist the temptation. The next striking experiment was that of the box that becomes light or heavy at the will of the operator; a muscular Arab came forward to lift it; he did so with disdainful ease, but when requested to try again, he found it impossible to move it. Again and again he essayed, when suddenly he uttered a yell, and fell on his knees; a tremendous shock of electricity had been passed through the box, and he was rendered helpless as a child. This experiment produced various shouts of "Shaitan!" "Djenoun!" and the chiefs began to grow uncomfortable.

One of the methods employed by the marabouts to increase their importance, was to induce a belief in their invulnerability. One of them, for instance, would load a gun and order a spectator to fire at him; the sparks might fly from the flint, but the charge did not explode—of course, the touch-hole had been stopped. To destroy the effect of this, Houdin declared he possessed a talisman rendering him invulnerable, and defied the first marksman in Algeria to hit him. In a second an Arab leaped on the stage, and expressed his desire to kill the magician. He had no compunction, so Houdin handed him a pistol, bidding him see that it was unloaded. Then he was ordered to put in a double charge of powder, and a ball he had previously marked. He fired, and Houdin produced the bullet in the centre of an apple he held on the point of a knife. A general stupefaction was visible on the faces of the audience; but the marabout suddenly caught up the apple and rushed away with it, feeling convinced that he had obtained a magnificent talisman.

The last trick was performed on a Moor of some twenty years of age. He was led to a table in the centre of the stage, after mounting which, an extinguisher was placed over him. Houdin and his servant then lifting the table bodily, carried it to the foot-lights and turned it over; the Moor had disappeared! The terror of the Arabs had reached its climax, and they rushed frantically from the theatre. The first object they saw on reaching the street was the young Moor.

Such an effect having been produced, the interpreters were set to work explaining to the chieftains that all these tricks were performed by human means, and they were soon so convinced of it, that they treated Houdin most kindly. They presented him with an address, testifying to their admiration of him, and Houdin was much pleased with the effect he had produced. He then proceeded on a tour through Algeria, being always welcomed with great kindness by his Arab hosts, and repaying their hospitality by exhibiting some tricks; but on one occasion, he could only save himself from a most serious dilemma by his presence of mind.

While M. and Mme. Houdin were staying with the chieftain Bon-Allem, a marabout looked with supreme disgust on his tricks. When the seance was over, the marabout said, "I now believe in your supernatural power; you are a real sorcerer—so I hope you will not fear to repeat a trick you performed at your theatre." Then, producing a pair of pistols from under his burnous, he said, "Come, choose one of these pistols; we will load it, and I will fire at you. You have nothing to fear, as you are invulnerable." This was certainly a staggerer, and Houdin hardly knew how to escape; and the marabout smiled malignantly at his triumph. Bon-Allem, who knew that Houdin's tricks were the result of address, was very angry, but Houdin would not be beaten. Turning to the marabout, he said that he had left his talisman at Alaiers, but that he would, for all that, allow him to fire at him the next morning. During the night he made his preparations, and the next morning the pistols were loaded with all due solemnity, the marabout putting in the powder, Houdin the balls. The marabout fired, and the ball appeared between the wizard's teeth. Then, taking up the other pistol, Houdin fired at a newly whitewashed wall; immediately a large stain of blood appeared on it. The marabout was overwhelmed; at that moment he doubted everything, even the Prophet. Such experiments, however, must be very dangerous; for if the marabout had been anything of a conjurer himself, he might have slipped in a bullet unawares, which would have been attended with fatal consequences. The balls, in this case, were made of wax, blackened with soot, and cast in a bullet-mould. Having so successfully accomplished his mission, M. Houdin returned to France.

The above account, which we find condensed by a foreign periodical from Houdin's autobiography, recently published in France, shows with great clearness, the usefulness of these exhibitions among barbarous tribes. The effect upon the general mind in nations that consider themselves much more highly civilized than the Arabs, though not quite so obvious, is equally apparent to the thoughtful observer. Such exhibitions lead men to be wisely doubtful of the testimony of the senses—teach them not to be too confident that their sight and touch can be implicitly relied on—and, more than all, enforce a reasonable degree of caution in accepting the wonderful as the necessary result of supernatural power.

Referring to M. Houdin's "Confidences," our readers will be a little astonished to read the following romantic account of the origin of the famous Automaton Chess Player:

In 1776, an insurrection broke out in Russia, under an officer of the name of Worousky, who had both legs shot off in the final engagement. A Dr. Osloff took compassion on him, and gave him shelter, and during his confinement to his room played chess with him, until Worousky became a superb player. At this time Kempelen, a Viennese mechanician, paid the good doctor a visit, and they consulted how to get the rebel chief out of the country, as his presence was dangerous to himself and his saviour. The idea of the chess-player struck Kempelen, and in three months the figure was ready. Needless to say that Worousky was the player, and his small size, and want of legs, materially aided the deceit. The experiment was first tried on the doctor, who at length began to smell a rat, for the figure always moved with its left hand, just as Worousky did. However, the trick was so cleverly managed that, feeling sure of not being detected, Kempelen had a large chest made to hold the figure and the cripple. At Toula they made their first public trial, and so great was the success, that the Empress Catharine ordered the figure to St. Petersburg. Kempelen was horribly frightened, but Worousky delighted in defeating a lady who had set a paltry sum on his head. The big chest was carried into the imperial library, and the figure put up. The Empress began playing, but soon found she had met her match. In consequence, she deigned to make a false move; the Turk restored the piece to the old square; the Empress repeated the fraud, when the automaton violently swept all the pieces off the board. Catherine chose to regard this as a concession to her superior play, but insisted that Kempelen should leave the figure in the library all night. Perhaps some feminine curiosity instigated her; if so, she was disappointed, for Kempelen took care, while leaving the figure, to remove the chest, and in it, of course, Worousky. Foiled in her efforts to buy the automaton, the Empress allowed Kempelen to depart. Soon after, the Turk was shown in London, but it is probable that Worousky left the figure prior to its going to America, for there it was repeatedly beaten. These most curious details Houdin has direct from a M. Hessler, nephew of Dr. Osloff.

The *complimentary* inference in the closing lines of the above extract, that Worousky probably left the figure before its coming to America, for here it was repeatedly beaten, was undoubtedly penned before Mr. Morphy had proved that America possesses the greatest chess-player in the world—if not the greatest that has ever existed.

Many of the feats of the conjurers, it will be seen, demand not only great quickness of hand and finger, but also wonderful quickness of mind. In the famous "second-sight," with this latter quality, it seems, must be combined an equally wonderful retentiveness of memory. Read the following, and then imagine whether "white-magic" is at all easy work:—

That marvellous system of second-sight, in which he was so ably assisted by his son, though entirely mechanical, demanded an immense amount of practice before it could be publicly shown. Here is a curious instance of the necessity of presence of mind. The scene took place at the Vaudeville, where Houdin gave a seance after his own room was shut for the night:

A spectator, who had come with the express purpose of embarrassing my son, suddenly said to me, "As your son, sir, is a diviner, he can certainly guess the number of my seat." The spectator thought he would force me to confess our inability, for he covered the number from sight, and the other seats were all full. But I was on my guard against every surprise; my answer was ready. Still I pretended to draw back, in order to make my adversary's defeat more striking. After some sparring, I consented to make the trial, the public taking great interest in the debate, and patiently awaiting the issue. "Emile," I said to my son, "prove to this gentleman that nothing can escape your second sight." "It is number sixty-nine," the child replied, without hesitation. Shouts of applause rang from every corner of the theatre, in which my adversary readily joined, for, while avowing his defeat, he exclaimed, "It is astonishing! magnificent!" Now how had I managed to discover the number? It was very simple. I knew that in all theatres where the seats are divided down the centre by a passage, the uneven numbers are on the right, the even on the left. As at the Vaudeville each row was composed of ten seats, I had not the slightest difficulty in finding out the number of my opponent's seat.

Of the few revelations given us by M. Houdin as to the working of this second sight, we learn that he managed to open purses, books, &c., without being noticed. One glance was always sufficient for his practised eye. If a parcel were given him tied up, his long finger-nail dug a rent in the paper, which allowed him to see the contents, while his old watch-making skill allowed him to open a watch with one hand, undetected. But, indubitably, the greatest advantage Houdin possessed was in the extraordinary memory of his son, which had been developed to the utmost extent. The way in which this was done was as follows: Father and son walked rapidly past a shop window, noticing as many objects as they could; then each wrote down the result, and went back to verify it. Houdin himself never got beyond thirty articles, but his son could reach upwards of forty. By this power of retention the lad frequently performed some marvellous tricks in private houses, giving, for instance, the names of the books on a shelf which he was supposed never to have seen, but on which he had cast a hurried glance in passing. It is really too bad to find that we are deceived by such simple contrivances.

After a summer trip to Brussels, in which Houdin found himself awfully hot in, the theatre in the Palais Royal was reopened with fresh tricks. So great was the reputation the magician attained, that he was commanded to St. Cloud, where the royal family did their utmost to baffle him. One of the tricks was very clever: Houdin borrowed several handkerchiefs of the party, made them up in a packet, and asked the king to select a spot from three he designated, where he would like to have them found. The first was "under the candlesticks"—that was too easy; the second "in the dome of the Invalides"—that was too far; hence only remained the third, "the chest of the orange-tree at the right end of the avenue." The king ordered a guard round the tree at once to prevent any fraud; Houdin placed the parcel under a glass shade, and bade it go to the place ordered by the king. Then, raising the glass, the parcel had disappeared, and a white turtle-dove had taken its place. A gardener was then ordered to open the last orange-box on the right-hand side, and found in it a rusty iron coffer. This was handed to the king, the key being taken from the dove's neck, and he found in it a piece of parchment, on which he read as follows:

This 6th day of June, 1786.

This iron box, containing six handkerchiefs, was placed amidst the roots of an orange-tree by me, Balsamo Comte de Cagliostro, to aid in the accomplishment of an act of magic which will be performed on this same day sixty years hence, before Louis Philippe d'Orleans and his family.

To this deed was appended the seal of Cagliostro, a mould of which Houdin had got from Torrini, who had been an intimate friend of the arch-impostor. Under the parchment was a parcel, which, on being opened, was found to contain the six handkerchiefs.

Spurred on by this defeat, the royal family were more than ever determined to foil the experiment of second sight. At length the Duchess of Orleans went into an adjoining room, whence she returned with a case. Handing it to Houdin, she asked him if his son could reveal the contents without its being opened? Houdin, of course, soon found out the contents; then, returning the case to the duchess, said that his son could tell what it contained. He stated that it was a diamond pin set in light blue enamel. This was perfectly correct, and the duchess most kindly begged Houdin to keep it in remembrance of the seance.

FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

It is amusing to read the various comments of our American papers upon foreign affairs. For instance, so far as the present difficulty between France and Austria is concerned, we have all along supposed that if there was war, it would be owing to the dictatorial course of Louis Napoleon. We all remember how his offensive words to the Austrian Ambassador on New Year's Day, came upon the world like an unexpected clap of thunder. What was our surprise therefore, upon reading recently in the editorial columns of our good friends of the *North American* of this city, an article whose purport may be gathered from the following extracts:—

There is much in the war news that is after the manner of previous dispatches, and much of exaggeration in the coloring given to the few facts received. *But it is not, of course, impossible that Austrian folly and insolence may not provoke war.* From the outset that power has manifested a degree of temerity in its hostile preparations, and a degree of falsehood in its attempts to excuse them, which have amazed those who know how weak it is, and how much its cause is detested by the liberals in every State of Europe. * * * * *

If Austria is determined to force a war by this insane course of aggression, there are parties to meet it on the other side, with armaments adequate to the emergency. England is fortunately practically disarmed by the pending dissolution of Parliament, and it can support Austria by nothing more formidable than words. France can and will seize upon the cities of the Adriatic, and turning the flank of the Austrian armies in their attempts on Piedmont, will strangle, for ever the infamous rule which has scourged Italy since 1815.

We are not particular admirers of Austria in general, or of her manner of governing her possessions in Italy in particular—but we do not know that she is any worse now than she has been for the last twenty years. Neither, however, are we particular admirers of Louis Napoleon, or of his manner of governing France—and we think that for him to denounce Austria, is but another instance of the pot calling the kettle black. One would think that his efforts in behalf of liberty and progress, might more properly begin at home—and that, after he had thus taken the beam out of his own eye, would be plenty of time for him to be pointing out the defects of Austria. But to suppose, as our friends of the *North American* appear to do, that Louis Napoleon's movements against Austria are dictated by any honest desire to free Italy, seems to us the very "error of the moon." "Men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles." Louis Napoleon is not going into the expense and destruction of a great war, from any more regard for the abstract right, or the welfare of Italy—but for the gratification of his own lust of dominion, and the enlargement of the boundaries of France. And the Italian liberals, in encouraging such a tremendous contest, may find themselves in the end, simply ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones.

☞ Falsehood.—It is a hard matter for a man to lie all over, nature having provided King's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane to show which way the wind blows, when every feature is set the other way, and the knees will smite together and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance.

☞ Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner, nor fashion—but in the mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy, politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are its essential characteristics.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

H. L. F. You know that "many men have many minds"—and what suits one does not suit another. We try to make all the departments of our paper, however, as interesting to all our readers as possible.

TELL. Our knowledge of minerals is very limited. We do not remember to have seen any offer of a premium for tin ore.

ORATOR. Yes, Demosthenes practised "speechifying" on the sea-shore, in order to accustom himself to the clamor of a popular assembly, but a better plan for you would be to practise in your father's barn-yard, before a flock of geese; that would accustom you to the hissing that you will probably hear when you make your first, second, third and last appearance. Oratory is called "a noble art," but we are by no means certain that it is one. We are not certain that there can be any permanent political reform in this country, until every "eloquent" speaker is voted out of Congress. Two or three might be endured perhaps in each house, but more than that number is enough to ruin any country. Where there is so much "talk," as the popular proverb has it, there is apt to be "very little cider." "Windbag," is the name applied by a famous English writer, to the class of tongwey men in question. The reason probably that the English government has stood so long, is that the English are notoriously slow of speech, and have stammering tongues, as Moses and most other great men have had. The facility with which the youth of this country learn to make speeches, is one of the worst signs of the times. It seems a trait in human nature, that when men are able to *say* a very pretty thing, in a very pretty way, they seem to think there is very little use in *acting* prettily. Your eloquent statesman, who has exhausted his energies in a "*patriotic effort,*" as the reporters call a speech of three hours' length, generally thinks he has done all that can reasonably be expected of him—and goes home to a late dinner with a proud consciousness of having performed his duty. We advise Orator to get up a Debating Society in his neighborhood, and offer a premium to the speaker who can talk the longest and say the least upon the most unimportant question. We predict for the youth who takes that premium, as the newspapers says, "a proud future."

A. P. W. We believe the physicians generally agree now that sarsaparilla has no appreciable effect in purifying the blood. This, after thousands and tens of thousands have been in the habit of purchasing bottle upon bottle of Dr. Jacob Townsend's "invaluable preparation"—the only genuine article of the only genuine doctor—is truly mortifying. But, on the other hand, sarsaparilla is, we believe, entirely innocent, and if it does no good will do no harm. Of course, it would be very disrespectful to the popular intelligence to suppose that the great American people are ever humbugged. No man who desires an office, from constable to Chief Justice, could ever admit that.

B. N. The best way to preserve the sight is to treat the eyes as if their powers of endurance were limited. Never read in a railroad car, or by a dim light, or too long at a time. Especially do not expose the eyes to a strong glare. The eyes of infants, we are convinced, are often injured for life by the folly of mothers and nurses. A young child can often be quieted by being allowed to look at a light, and, this being the case, is allowed to do so, to the permanent injury of the eyes. You might as well allow an infant to put its hand into the fire, or throw itself out of the window, because it wished to do so, as to allow it to injure its eyes for the same reason. Do not darken the nursery, except when the infant is quite young, but maintain a steady, regular light, as free as possible from glare and flickering.

APPRENTICE. If your trade be a dirty one, you will find it the easier to *stick* to it. Somebody must do the dirty work of the world, why not you? If your work is clean in a moral and intellectual sense, you need care little about the mere material soil. Better dirty hands and face than a dirty mind and soul. Many of the employments considered the most honorable amongst men, are really the most liable to exception in this particular—the workman being tempted continually to soil himself with dirt of the worst kind. Consider the nature of the legal profession, for instance. Why, some lawyers consider it even "unprofessional" to shun the very dirtiest kinds of work,—and hold it their bounden duty to undertake the job of breaking a will, clearing a thief, or saving the vilest murderer from punishment, with as much warmth and earnestness as if they were advocating the cause of the widow and the orphan. Now, the hands and face of such a man may be clean, after having succeeded in saving his client from deserved punishment, in spite alike of the law and the evidence, but suppose we could get one good look at his soul. Would it not have a family likeness, so far as soothness is concerned, to Beelzebub's?

S. N. B. We suppose the reason is, that the readers of the weeklies in the cities where they are published, are supposed to have seen all the local news in their daily papers.

THEY make religion to be abhorred,
Who round with darkness gulf her;
And think no word can please the Lord,
Unless it smells of sulphur. —*Lowell*

☞ An odd sort of a genius, having stepped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the movement of the machinery, when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked him if he had heard the news.

"Not's I know on," said he; "what is it?"

"Why," replied the miller, "they say the devil is dead."

"By jingo," said Jonathan, "is he? Then who tends the mill?"

☞ The greatest happiness of the greatest number should be the end and aim of all social and political institutions.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

☞ "The little darling—he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a purpose; did he? It was a mere accident; wasn't it, dear?" "Yes, ma'am, to be sure it was, and if he don't behave himself, I'll crack him again."

☞ To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it what ever it is, and despise affectation.—*Horace Walpole.*

☞ Why is the naked truth so seldom spoken? Because it is barely polite.

☞ Every person that owns a mouth has always a good opening for a laugh.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 185—Adults 96, and children 92.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Especially noteworthy of all books we find on our table, is a book which everybody ought to find, and "when found make a note of," since it concerns not merely our book-notes, but everybody's bank-notes. It is a French treatise ON THE PROBABLE FALL IN THE VALUE OF GOLD, THE COMMERCIAL AND SOCIAL CONSEQUENCES WHICH MAY ENSUE, AND THE MEASURES WHICH IT INVITES. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) The author is MICHEL CHEVALIER, a distinguished member of the Institute of France, and well enough known to all who keep the run of such matters, as one of the first living authorities on the subject of money; and the translator is no less a person than the great Free Trader, Richard Cobden, who himself adds an introductory preface, echoing the general purport of the treatise. The prospect of a gold dollar getting to be worth only fifty cents is certainly alarming to the owners of gold dollars; and it is precisely this prospect which Messrs. Chevalier and Cobden invite our attention to. For, they say, the cardinal law of commerce is that quantity governs price: there has been within the last ten years a tremendous increase in the quantity of gold, owing to the discovery of the new mines, and every day augments the quantity: and, quantity governing price, it follows that there must be eventually a fall in the value of gold in consequence of its greatly increased quantity. This, together with an exposition of the disastrous social and commercial effects which must follow such a fall of value, and suggestions for protective measures against the impending danger, make up the substance of a work which—although somewhat open to the charge of exaggeration—is indisputably worthy of an attentive perusal.

If we want less serious reading, we can make our change from grave to gay, by taking up the May number of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) in which the Professor preaches a sermon and chants a psalm of his own kind. There, too, is the SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, (Macfarlane, Ferguson & Co., Richmond, Va.,) with the opening chapters of a stirring and vivid story, "Greenway Court; or, the Bloody Ground." And somewhat akin to a magazine in form, is a pamphlet edition of that most comical brochure, FATHER TOM AND THE POPE, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) which convulsed everybody years ago in Blackwood.

What is a baby? A cherub, undoubtedly. What is the chief end of said cherub's existence? Feeding, unquestionably. Upon what meat should this our cherub feed that he may grow so great? We leave the answer to Dr. Al. Donne. The whole subject of the cherubic *cuisine* has been treated in the fullest manner by Dr. Al. Donne, in his MOTHERS AND INFANTS, NURSES AND NURSING (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) a work newly translated from the French. In fact, he has treated the entire subject of the bringing up of children, and what gives his advice particular weight, apart from its own intrinsic value, is the fact of his high position abroad as a physician—so high, indeed, that to him Louis Philippe entrusted the direction of the nursing of the infant Count of Paris. Blessed institution of printing, by which, for a few shillings, we sovereigns without crowns can have the same medical advice for our children that the crowned sovereign of the French had for his!

Men are but children of a larger growth, we have been told; and therefore the culture of men is related to the culture of children, which, it follows, is the link between Dr. Al. Donne and Prof. Francis Wharton, whose TREATISE ON THEISM AND THE MODERN SKEPTICAL THEORIES (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) may be fairly considered as an instrument of human culture, the author wishing people to grow in grace and not in modern infidelity. His book presents the orthodox evidence of the existence and character of God, and makes vigorous war on the skeptics and their ideas.

Somewhat analagous, though still widely different reading, is the fifth volume of SPURGEON'S SERMONS, (Sheldon & Co., New York;) and not at all analagous, and very widely different reading, is a volume of the SERMONS OF DOW, JUNIOR. (F. A. Brady, New York.)

Of the making of books there is no end, and who would wish there were an end, if all the books were as lively and witty and graceful as Mr. N. P. Willis's new volume, THE CONVALESCENT? (C. Scribner, New York.) It is a volume of miscellanies collected from the *Home Journal*—easy, gay, good-natured, sunshiny chat with a quality in it like the sound of a pleasant voice. The critic Cobra says it's all trifle—whipped syllabub, sir! But in our mental feasts we cannot subsist entirely on solid victuals, and, having fared delightfully on the Treatise on Theism and Spurgeon's Sermons, why not make our dessert of the whipped syllabub? Whipped syllabub, however, is not a fair type of Willis's new book, which is full of bright fancy and good feeling.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Blithe Robin lost his brindled cow,
He mourned, he wept, and could not buy another!
His wife soon follows! Eager now
His friend's advice that he his grief should smother!
"Here's my daughter, young and true,
A worthy wife she'll be to you!"

Then Robin mused, and scratched his head.
And in reflective accents said,—
"I see it clearly now,—
In this strange village where I live,
I lose my wife—my friends another give;
But no one offers me *another cow!*"

☞ If we wish to know who is the most degraded and the most wretched of human beings, look for a man who has practised a vice so long that he curses it and clings to it: that he pursues it because he feels a great law of his nature driving him on towards it; but, reaching it, knows that it will gnaw his heart, and make him roll himself in the dust with anguish.

☞ All the molestations of marriage are abundantly recompensed with other comforts which God bestoweth on them who make a wise choice of a wife.—*T. Fuller.*

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

We have been magically carried back ten years of "this weary mortal round," by a late event in our musical world—a concert given on the evening of the 19th, by Madame Elisa Biscaccianti—her first appearance here since the early days of the Italian opera, when young, unpractised, and petite as she was, she rivalled in the favor of our music-loving public, a more mature and experienced *Prima Donna*, the superb Teresa Truffi.

Since that time, Madame Biscaccianti has been singing over the world—now here, now there—like a sweet sprite of music, a "delicate Ariel," "a wandering voice." She has almost put a girdle of melody round the earth,—she has breathed in the common air of many climes, and sent it forth electrified with life and glorified with soul. Her wonderful voice has assimilated everywhere that subtle song-spirit which pervades all life—it has enriched itself with the wild harmonies of Nature—it has given alike to the luxurious bloom and passionate glow of the South, and the brilliant frost-work and midnight splendors of the North, their correspondences in sound. It has emulated the soar of the Eagle of the Andes, and echoed the trills of Italian nightingales;—it has caught the sad murmur of the Pacific, the full-volumed surge of the Amazon, an ocean *en voyage*—and the sweet gurgle, the low silvery laughter of English brooks.

We heard of her in California—in San Francisco, that most marvellous and cosmopolitan of cities, in which converge all the civilizations and barbarisms of the world—in the mountains and the wilds, where she appeared before the rude miners like a fairy-vision, a singing dream, and witched their poor home-sick hearts back into the life of domestic joys and affections and social refinements long ago sacrificed and abandoned.

We heard of her in the great cities of South America, where the enthusiasms of the people, like the scenery, foliage and flowers, are on a gigantic scale, and where her career was one splendid ovation; we heard of her in Florence, in Milan, and in Paris, where though suffering severely from sudden illness, she achieved a great triumph; in St. Petersburg, where she was received with an almost Southern enthusiasm, and where Imperial praises and presents were showered upon her; and then, obedient more to the instincts of her heart than the ambition of the artist, she came back to the old, unforgotten home.

Elisa Ostinelli was born in Boston. Her father was an Italian musician of eminence, her mother an American lady, also a musician; so the little Elisa was a true singing-bird, though her nest was not among the vines of Tuscany, or the roses and cypresses of Como.

When very young, she went with her father, to Italy, to pursue under the best masters, her musical studies. Here she married a noble Roman, of the house of Biscaccianti, which measures pedigree with the Orsini and the Colonna. Soon after a successful *debut* at Milan, she returned to America—was warmly received in her native city, and sung in opera in New York and Philadelphia.

Madame Biscaccianti has always labored under disadvantages, from a delicate physical organization, highly sensitive and nervous. At this period, her health was frail, and her timidity and extreme sensitiveness were at times, painfully apparent. But it was beautiful to see how completely after a little while, the spiritual triumphed over the physical. When the ecstacy of song was upon her, there was no longer any sign of weakness, or apprehension. Her soft, dark eyes shone with the very soul of Italy—her cheek flushed and paled with the passion of her strain, and her slight little figure trembled and quivered as the strong, exultant waves of liberated melody poured through the crimson gateway of her lips, and flooded all the air.

There has been in her singing from the first, and always, that most rare and excellent quality—genuine *feeling*. Her voice is no happy accident—no inevitable result of a peculiarly fortunate physical conformation—it is the child of her soul. She lives through it, an intense, exalted, impassioned phase of being,—the refined essence of sensuous delights and emotions is exhaled in it. Those who had hearts and souls to be reached through the divine avenues of song, perceived this quality in the young singer, and prophesied for her a future of increasing power and fame—rounding out with their large, generous judgment, the beautiful crescent of her genius.

I was not alone an admirer of the artist, but a lover of the woman. Indeed, it seems to me it would be difficult for any one to know her well, without loving her. To childlike simplicity, frankness, and trustfulness, she adds great warmth and affectionateness of nature—Italian ardor united to Saxon constancy. Unlike many of the dramatic and lyrical profession she carries into private none of the airs, the arts and disguises of the stage. She is always *herself*, an ardent, impulsive, child-woman, who has not turned from the religion of the heart to the heathen-worship of the world—who loves her art more than fame, and who loves her friends, husband, and children even more than her art.

But to return to the concert of Tuesday evening.

To our great surprise and disappointment, there was but a small audience gathered in the immense hall of the Musical Fund. It being Holy Week, neither strict Catholics nor Episcopalians could indulge in any worldly amusement—not even that of listening to pure music, essentially holy, though it be—religious alike in its solemnity and its joy. The singer was chilled by the coldness and forgetfulness apparently evinced by such a reception, but she was soon warmed by the genuine enthusiasm of the audience, who made up in plaudits for all it lacked in numbers.

She looked charmingly, and her dress was a marvel of richness, beauty, and becomingness. Besides the diamonds on her neck and in her corsage, which shook off dew-like sparkles when she sung, and answered the passionate throbbings of her heart with pulsations of light she wore in her bosom, and in her beautiful dark hair, scarlet leaves, of a peculiarly vivid hue—a dash of tropical coloring, which seemed like a gorgeous out-flowering of her ardent southern nature. They warmed the eye toward her, and seemed to kindle the very air about her.

She first sung a grand *Romanza*, from the opera of *William Tell*.

In a moment the great hall seemed filled with singing birds! Some soaring above us, like larks, on heaven intent—some dropping low, soft, fluttering trills, seeking to nest in our hearts—some darting by us, swift, flashing, piercing notes—and some circling round and round the ceiling—strains of marvellous, bewildering and prolonged sweetness.

The *Romanza* was rapturously encored—but the singer, instead of a repetition, gave us "Home, Sweet Home." The dear, simple old melody was somewhat disguised by the lavish ornamentation of her genius—the cottage seemed magically changed into a fairy palace—but the soul of home was in it still.

Next she sung an *aria* from the Oratorio of the *Creation*, grandly enough to have moved the soul of the great composer himself.

After this she gave us "The Last Rose of Summer"—and here, like the genius of the Flowers, in the exquisite fable of the German poet, she accomplished the impossible, and bestowed on the rose a new grace—she added the moss.

She sung Schubert's exquisite Serenade, admirably accompanied by her husband on the violincello, and at last gave us the wonderful *Scena* and *Ronda* from *La Sonnambula*, "*Ah non Giunge.*"

No words of mine can describe her singing in this—so brilliant, so tender, so passionate was it. It seems to me that not the finished musical critic, not the poet even, can adequately describe such singing, through *words*—that only rich and royal personages are able to express the inexpressible, through the language of gems, in the gift of costly jewels. For instance, on this evening, the *cantatrice* wore on her neck a chain of finely-wrought gold, suspending a beautiful ornament, consisting of a ruby, set with brilliants, and a single large pearl, pendant. This necklace, the gift of the Emperor of all the Russias, fitly describes her singing. The delicately-wrought gold expresses its artistic finish, the ruby its passion, the diamonds its brilliancy, the pearl its purity.

I close this little labor of love with the regret that we are not to have Madame Biscaccianti in Opera, and but once more in concert. But she is called to the scenes of her South American triumphs, void since she left them, and just as the other singing-birds are coming North, she goes South. Adieu,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

APRIL FISHES—A MAGNIFICENT NEW FLOWER—A DUBIOUS VISIT—INCONVENIENCE OF A DOUBTFUL REPUTATION—A MYSTERY EXPLAINED—THE HERRING FISHERY—A STROKE OF GOOD FORTUNE—A PLEASANT TOUR.

Paris, March 31, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The practical jokes so popular in Anglo-Saxon communities on the first of April, are also practised here, but less commonly. The want of humor which characterises the French people as distinctly as does the keenness and quickness of their wit, renders them less disposed to indulge in this form of merriment. Nevertheless, an adventurous individual will, here and there, attempt to play off some ridiculous mystification on his neighbor, by way of converting him into what is more politely termed here, "an April fish;" and a country newspaper will sometimes take the occasion afforded by the return of this day, to palm off some unusually big "canard" on its readers. But neither the custom of sending love-letters on St. Valentine's Day, nor that of throwing mirthful dust into the eyes of one's neighbors on the first of April, can boast of any general observance in France.

The skies, as though to disprove my assertion respecting the non-observance of the first of April here, have been treating us to an attempt at a snow-storm, which, should it succeed, will prove to be a practical joke of a most unwelcome description. As yet, however, the Northern Imps of Mischief have done nothing but shower down flakes that melt as soon as fallen; but should a frost supervene, as is too often the case in this part of the year, the consequences would be most disastrous to our hopes of fruit, as well as to the flowers that are already showing themselves. Among the latter must be cited the clumps of a South American Rhododendron, recently imported into Europe, which are now in full bloom in the new reserved garden of the Tuileries. These trees are literally one mass of flower, of a gorgeous, flamy red, whose effect is both exceedingly magnificent in itself, and rendered doubly striking by the contrast of these glowing masses of color, set off by the dark glossy green of the leaves, with the bare boughs of the forest trees, and much of the shrubbery around. The Empress is said to be exceedingly delighted with this new shrub, and certainly the clumps in question must furnish a magnificent spectacle to the favored eyes which look down on these beautiful grounds from the Imperial "first-floor" of this old dwelling of Kings, which is to be pulled to pieces, and refurbished to the tune of seventeen millions of francs a few months hence.

The announcement of the approaching diplomatic gathering, and the public visit of Count Cavour to this city, have been the main topics of conversation here since my last. It is still believed here, that this statesman paid a flying, secret visit to the Tuileries a short time since; though the fact of such a visit having taken place, has not been acknowledged. But the present visit is made with entire and ostentatious openness, and the Sardinian *factotum* affects a degree of satisfaction and elation which would be alarming to the friends of peace, did they not suspect that this manner is assumed, on the part of the distinguished minister in question, as a cover for the vexation of finding the Emperor no longer determined to precipitate a quarrel that his own subjects have so staunchly joined the rest of Europe in showing him to be utterly unpalateable. The Count has been received, apparently, with great cordiality and distinction at the Tuileries, where he dined, two days ago, in close *tete a tete* with his Majesty; no other soul, not even the Empress, being present. Unfortunately, Louis Napoleon has left himself, by the form of government he has imposed upon France, no possibility of offering a satisfactory guarantee of his intentions, on any given subject, to the rest of Europe. His ministers are mere puppets; at best, servants paid to do his bidding, responsible only to himself, and removable by him at pleasure. Little can be inferred from their individual bias; as the Emperor may change or suppress them at any moment. The satisfaction which would otherwise be felt at the mere peaceful aspect assumed by the French Cabinet, within the last ten days, is somewhat damped, and very naturally, by the reflection that, after all, Louis Napoleon may, perhaps, be only playing a game, in order to gain time, and perhaps to lay plans for the hatching-up of a decent pretext for the commencement of hostilities with which he may still be desiring, in his secret heart, to afflict the world.

Great curiosity was excited a few days ago, not by any new rumors on political affairs, but by the great quantity of pigeons' feathers that kept floating down from the belfry of the fashionable church of Notre Dame de Lorette, within whose richly painted and gilded walls the dons of the financial world do especially love to congregate, and whose priest is one of the most elegant gentleman of Paris, giving the most delightful musical parties, invitations to which are eagerly sought by "the most distinguished" pleasure-lovers of the metropolis. The church stands in a crowded thoroughfare, or rather at a meeting of thoroughfares, so that half of Paris had the opportunity of witnessing the phenomenal shower of feathers, and of relating the same to the other half, who forthwith repaired to the spot to stare up at the belfry, and marvel what on earth it could mean. The shower went on falling at intervals for several days; and a crowd began to take up a permanent position below, bent on finding out what these feathers could be. At length, a policeman, unable to persuade the beadle to compromise his dignity by going up into the belfry to ascertain the facts of the case, determined to go up himself, when he discovered a hawk which had taken up its abode in the belfry, and whose marauding in all the pigeon-houses of the region furnished him with the victims whose feathers had so strongly affected the curiosity of the unplumed bipeds below. The hawk, gallantly captured by his discoverer, and by him presented to a porter in the neighborhood, is now shut up in a cage at the door of that functionary, and is expiating the crimes of which he has been guilty in a strict imprisonment, which does not appear to be rendered at all less repugnant to his feelings by the curiosity with which his presence is regarded by the idlers in the vicinity.

The flying feathers of the luckless pigeons, and the feat of the officer who climbed the belfry in pursuit of the tyrannic fowl which had despoiled them, remind one somewhat of the famous elder-down of northern latitudes, and the perilous adventures of the poor fellows who scale the most dizzy heights, and descend the most fearful precipices, in search of these precious flakes of down. The collecting of the elder-down, and the herring fishery, are, in fact, the two main industries of the inhospitable latitudes in question; but the latter, as every one knows, is incomparably the more extensive and lucrative. It appears that the herring fisheries have this season been unusually successful; and among these the fishermen of Norway have been, as usual, among the foremost. The deep, narrow *fiords*, or arms of the sea, which fringe the whole Norwegian coast, are particularly favorable to the catching of these fish, which travel in enormous masses called *banks*, whose passage it is the business of the herring-fishers to intercept. From six to seven thousand boats, and no less than 30,000 men take part, each season, in the Norwegian fishery; and the value of the herrings taken by them averages $2,000,000 yearly, an enormous sum when the extreme poverty of Norway is considered.

The *rendezvous* of the various fishing expeditions is usually a wild rock overlooking the crowded islands and rugged *fiords* of the coast. At these points is to be found a wooden church, with a hut beside it, which are closed and abandoned during the greater part of the year. When the fishing season approaches, a pastor installs himself in the little wooden presbytery, and a camp of tents rises rapidly round the little church; the flag of Norway is hoisted from the rude steeple, the fishermen arrive with their boats and their nets, their stores of salt and of casks, and merchants flock to the spot from every point of the country to buy the fish, and to sell provisions. For two or three months the desolate rock is a busy, bustling mart, full of life, labor, and animation. At length the flag is hauled down from the church-steeple, church and presbytery are shut up, the tents are rolled, and the fishing is over.

There are two herring-fisheries every year; the "spring-fishery," which begins in January and ends in April, and the "summer-fishery," which begins in June and ends in November. The "spring-fishery" of this year is thus about to close its operations; but, busy among the busiest, as usual, has been a certain Friedrich Haller, of Bergen, long known as one of the boldest and most skilful fishermen of the North.

On the 22nd of January last, just twelve days after the opening of the fishery, Friedrich got into his boat with his young son, and went out to sea, the night being magnificent, to watch, at the foot of a cliff, whether any signs of the approach of the herrings could be seen, when he perceived the long reach of phosphorescent, shimmering light, extending to an immense distance, and approaching the coast: this was an enormous column of herrings, as the experienced eye of the fisherman well knew, and lucky would they be who should succeed in taking possession of this abundant harvest of the "manna of the North." The bold fisherman continued anxiously to watch the direction taken by the approaching "bank," and when, to his great delight, the unsuspecting mass began to enter the narrow *fiord* beside which he was watching, he called to his young son to help him haul out the largest of his nets. These nets, which often measure many hundred yards in length, are one of the most important of the "engines" with which the fishermen carry on their operations, and no fishing-smack is ever without them. The "great net" was speedily hauled out by the united efforts of the father and son, dragged across the mouth of the *fiord*, and made fast as soon as the enormous mass of fish had fairly entered, to both sides of the *fiord*, with the skill and celerity which marks the operations of the accomplished fisherman. This important preliminary accomplished, Friedrich rowed back to the station as fast as oars could pull, roused the entire settlement from its slumbers, and engaged in his service, at so much per head, and so much per boat, every man and smack he could find, on condition that the night's haul should belong entirely to him. He then returned with all speed, followed by all the men and boys, and a fleet of fishing-boats, to the *fiord* in which he had imprisoned his finny prey.

Next morning, all these boats, laden to their utmost capacity with the precious freight, returned to the station, where Friedrich sold off his haul to the merchants, at a price which had been settled at the opening of the fishing-season; and when he had paid off his army of auxiliaries, there remained to him a nett gain of no less than twenty-five hundred *species*, a coin worth about a dollar. It is said that this sudden fortune—enormous in the eyes of a Norwegian peasant, to whom it would be difficult to spend a dollar, so low is the price of all the necessaries of life in that primitive region—is not without precedent; more than one wary and intelligent fisherman having, in similar manner, contrived to spy out and capture a "miraculous draught of fishes" like that which has converted the lucky hero of this little adventure into a sort of Norwegian *millionaire*, and rendered him the object of the admiration and envy of all the fishermen of his native land.

Friends of mine, who made, last summer, a tour of five weeks up the *fiords* and across the centre of this northern Switzerland, hitherto so little known to the rest of the world, pronounce its natural features to be full of a sublimity, boldness, wildness, and beauty beyond description; fully equalling, if not surpassing, in their own way, the greatest magnificence of mountain and water to be found even in the land of the Alps and the Apennines. They travelled from London to Hull, took the steamer thence to Bergen, whence they started—a party of four—on a well-combined tour, embracing all the finest views and greatest curiosities of the lower half of the western coast. There are no regular communications through Norway; but the Government compels the chief man at each "station" to keep a boat, or a rude cart and horses, as the case may be, for the use of all who may demand them. The "station" is a wooden house, with a few huts grouped round it, and a rude church, which is the nearest approach to what in other countries would be called a *village*, which Norway can boast. The population is very sparse, and scarcely anything like the scattered rural population of other countries exists there. Except bread, butter, cream and milk of the richest quality, delicious mountain berries of various kinds unknown elsewhere, and strawberries surpassing in flavor those of the Alps, fish in abundance, and occasional beef or mutton, you can find nothing to buy, of any description, from one end of Norway to the other, except in the towns.—If you lose your overcoat or shoes in the open country, you will be excessively lucky if you can procure anything to replace them, ever so rudely, before you reach the nearest town, perhaps forty or fifty miles off, in a country where that distance will require a couple of days to get over. The price of food and the hire of vehicles or of boats are fixed by law, and at so low a rate that the people would rather not see a traveller through the whole year than be obliged to provide them with necessaries at so low a figure. There are no inns.—You go into a "station," open the rude cupboard which contains the provisions, cook them yourself, look about you, and appropriate for the time being any utensil you may need, do the same with regard to the rude deal boxes, with a little straw, or a few dried leaves, which serve as beds, and when you leave, pay the appointed tariff to your unwilling host. Not that the people are inhospitable or unkindly; they are quite the reverse; but they are very poor, are used to wait on themselves, and do not understand that you may not be accustomed to do likewise; and, moreover, the tariff established by Government is so ridiculously low that what you pay barely saves these simple folk from actual loss. Occasionally you come to a "station" where the people happen to be less unsophisticated, and consequently are more obliging, and where the offer of a small gratuity, over and above the legal payments, will probably go a good way; but these cases are rare. Yet such is the keenness of the appetite produced by the deliciously pure and bracing air of the region, and the excitement of the ever-shifting magnificence of scenery about you, that travellers in Norway appear to get through with a prodigious quantity of "vittles," and declare that nothing ever tasted so delicious to them as the simple elements of the Norwegian fare. One of my friends chanced to speak Danish, with a smattering of Norwegian, which put him at once on a different footing with the people, and seemed to draw out their sympathies most wonderfully. He says the effect of the scenery of the *fiords*, deep long chasms running for miles up the land, and forming narrow fissures, through which the tide rushes often with tremendous fury, (though sometimes these *fiords* are many miles wide, and the stream at the bottom only an ordinary arm of the sea,)—of their shelving sides, so steep that you cannot stir out of the narrow path that is cut along their flanks—of the overhanging pine forests and beetling crags, and of the intensely pure blue sky above, is beyond expression beautiful. The top of the mountain region, which these *fiords* cut, as it were, into fringe, forms a table-land six thousand feet or more above the sea; and there do the people of the region abide through six months of the year, tending their flocks and herds. This population is, of course, quite out of sight of the traveller, who merely skirts the sides of the *fiords*, or crosses them in boats when he wishes to go round the coast, instead of following the fissure to its head. No vehicle, no boat, is bound to take you beyond the next "station;" arrived there, you make a new bargain with the people of the place, who take you on to the next "station." Sometimes you are able to send a messenger on in advance, so that a boat or a cart may be ready on your arrival, which saves time. My friends describe the people as a fine, hardy race, the women remarkably handsome. They went up two or three of the most renowned *fiords* to their head, saw the great glacier, and "did" all the principal points very thoroughly, turned off halfway up the coast, and crossed the country to Christiana, thence to Hull, and to London.—The entire cost of this long tour, from the day they left London till that of their return, averaged $125 per head, of which the double voyage cost $55. The total cost of the tour through Norway itself, including food, lodging, vehicles, boats and guides, was thus only $70 apiece, for a space of thirty-two days, or very little more than one dollar a-day! The renovating effect of the trip, with its pure air, the admirable beauty of the scenery, and the pleasant contact with a simple, primitive, and kindly people, whose like are not to be found elsewhere in Europe, has been voted excellent by my friends, who say they never enjoyed any trip so highly, nor reaped so much benefit from any. Yet they have travelled widely over Europe; and have seen much of its most celebrated scenery. As an illustration of the kindliness and *naivete* of the people, they tell how, on one occasion, they stopped to fish at a most romantic point, on a Sunday, as it happened, (for, though "go-to-meeting" people in general, they had been so absorbed by the incidents of their journey that the whole party had utterly failed to remember that it *was* Sunday,) just below a rude bridge, which was itself just below the little church of the "station" above, when suddenly the people came pouring out of the little sanctuary, and all stood still to watch the strangers, who had arrived during the service. The appearance of the people, dressed in their best, some grouped upon the bridge, some gathering around the party, was very picturesque. Finding that one of the party spoke a little Norwegian, their pleasure and curiosity were extreme. They plied him with questions, asked about his wife, and how many children he had, and as he happened to have photographs of all his family in his pocket, he showed these, to the great delight of the people, especially of the women, who passed them from one to the other, and asked innumerable questions about them, expressing their exalted idea of London as a "wonderful city," and wishing they could see it. Every one in the crowd wanted to take the strangers home to dinner, and seemed disappointed at being refused. Offers of milk and wild raspberries abounded also; but the travellers had just dined in their usual abundant style, and were incapable of any further swallowing at that time. No less than 1,260 travellers visited Norway last year; and as all are enraptured with their tour, it is to be feared that their pleasant solitudes will ere long be invaded by the swarm of vulgar sight-seekers, and yet more vulgar people who travel to lovely places only because it is fashionable so to do, whose presence has had the effect of raising the prices and diminishing the pleasure of travelling, in all the favorite regions farther to the south. So those of your readers who may meditate a journey to this romantic land, had better do so before "all the world and his wife" have packed their trunks and carpet-bags for a similar expedition. QUANTUM.

WHERE, oh, where are the visions of morning,
Fresh as the dews of our prime?
Gone, like the tenants that quit without warning,
Down the back entry of time.

Where, oh, where are life's lilies and roses,
Bathed in the golden dawn's smile?
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile. —*Holmes.*

☞ Life appears to be too short to be spent in nursing animosities or registering wrongs.

☞ A young Frenchman, a pupil of the Academy of Painting, met with a Spaniard covered with dirt. The young painter observed that the Spaniard's hands, though very dirty, were well-made, and proposed to him to draw them. A certain remuneration was offered, and the bargain struck. The Frenchman conducted him home, and told him to wash his hands. Even so; the Spaniard went into an adjoining closet, but soon returned, apparently deep in reflection. "Which hand, sir, do you mean to draw?" said he, as if to wash *both* hands was an unnecessary labor!

☞ USEFUL INFORMATION.—On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, Ireland, there is a stone with the following inscription: "N. B. When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is even surpassed by the famous post erected a few years since by the surveyors of the Kent roads: "This is the bridle-path to Feversham; if you can't read this, you had better keep the main road."

☞ You seldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weaknesses, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his intimate friends, or meet him in company with them.—*Wordsworth.*

☞ Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind, and the man can—it's a human privilege."

☞ Quick, the comedian, one day passing through Broker's Row, Moorfields, was seized upon by the barker of a furniture warehouse, who, without ceremony, pulled him into the shop, and began puffing off his tables and chairs. Quick, being old and infirm, made little resistance, but asked the man if he were master of the shop. "No, sir," said the barker; "but I will fetch him immediately." The man returned with his master, to whom Quick put the question: "Are you master of this shop, sir?" "Yes, sir; what can I do for you?" "Only," replied Quick, "just hold your man a minute, while I go out!"

☞ To speak harshly to a person of sensibility is like striking a harpsichord with your fists.

FROZEN UP;

OR,

THE HOUSE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

The Mountain House, in L———, was a favorite summer resort. Thither the world of fashion sent its most select representatives. It was an admirably managed hotel, all the newspapers said. Its host was a gentleman, a specimen of nature's nobility; and the madam was so gentle, pretty and refined, that her boarders became her friends and always left her with regret.

And what a table they kept! Never were covers so white! they fairly sparkled in their purity. It was not possible to find one speck on the polished glasses, or the most minute mote of dust on any part of the table-furniture.

To be sure, there was not much dust anywhere. The winding road that led directly to the house—the only thing that was not green, was so finely graveled and so thoroughly dampened every morning by the clouds that hung over the mountain top, that it was impossible to raise the dust of *that* kind, at least. Grandly reared the emerald studded-peaks heavenward. Or if not covered with verdure, the rocks like huge castles, colored gorgeously, stretched a panorama of splendor on every hand.

I will not rhapsodize on the scenery. Suffice it to say that no sooner had the sultry heats of July and August come upon the land, than gay crowds were tripping it up the hill towards the mountain-house—and in the morning every body was dressed to see the glories of a mountain-sunrise.

From that beautiful house, long and glowing letters had been written by those privileged hotel-loungers, reporters and correspondents for the press. Every body who read those charming letters, longed for a seat upon that piazza, where with muslin-clad-beauties and gentlemanly young men, they might enjoy chit-chat and the scenery together.

There came however at one time, a season of unusual depression. Merchants carried home lugubrious faces, and poor clerks, the sad news that they were out of place. Crash after crash announced the failure of this and that great house. Wives dared not mention expenditures, and if daughters ponted—they pouted to themselves.

Hopeful, or rather hopeless young men, were taken into private rooms and expostulated with; forbidden to indulge this or the other costly taste; and handsome households had the blues, generally.

That year (as it happens, sometimes) the people of the Mountain House had expended more money in repairs, and for certain elegant additions to their house, than was usual with them. In fact, they had made a very large hole in the general purse, and looked for an extra supply of boarders to make it good again.

The season passed as others had, but not with the same results. Fewer letters were written from the "Eyrie Perch," as poets called it—fewer beauties displayed their charms, fewer beaus were there to see them. In fine, at the end of three months, the Carsons found themselves terribly in debt.

What should they do? To go down into the town and live in their usual winter-style was not to be dreamed of; it would ruin them. But to spend the winter in that bleak place—the thought was equally frightful.

There were Blanche, sweet little Jenny—Tom, a boy of fifteen—the matron-mother, and a handsome fellow of twenty-two, by name Willis Parker, called upon to consult together at the close of a September day.

The last of their boarders had left them. Ten trunks had waddled down the main road under the superintendance of the porters; three young ladies and two old ones, little thinking of the sorrows they were leaving, had given their last kisses and adieus. Blanche had been held by the hand rather longer than she liked by their respective brothers (five young men) and now they were left alone.

"We must settle this matter," said Mr. Carson—commonly called by those who were intimate with him, Bob Carson—"and we might as well talk it over. Come, girls, mother—take your shawls and we'll go round to the west portico and have a counsel, as the Indians do."

A summer sweetness lingered in the bland air. It had been an unusual day—a weather-breeder, perhaps, for the sky had been of a July freshness, and it was pleasant with all the windows up.

"Oh! papa—I'd say once for all—stay," cried little Jenny, pointing rapturously to the horizon all hung with gold and crimson, while far above their heads unfurled banners of regal coloring, streaming proudly over the grand old mountain, and tinging the white walls of the summer-house, and the pillars and long glittering windows with almost unearthly beauty.

"Yes, father," Blanche said, thoughtfully, (I did not mention that Blanche was quite a little queen in her way—so self-possessed! so royal and graceful!) "I think we might manage to enjoy ourselves here. It will not be really a great while you know."

"But the bitter cold, Blanche; we know nothing of it yet;" her mother murmured, apprehensively.

"Mercy on us! is that all, mother? We can keep up roaring fires, you know—at least there must be wood enough cut to last the winter through."

Her father glanced towards his sheds. "I don't know," he made reply—"I did, to be sure, get in an extra lot—it seems providential now—and then down in the gorges, there are trees enough to be cut—but I'm thinking of the altitude. In even an ordinary winter it will be colder up here by many degrees, than in the town."

"But pa't such beautiful winters as we have had!" interrupted Blanche eagerly. "So little snow! scarcely enough to give one a good sleigh-ride. I don't believe we shall suffer at all!"

Willis Parker was looking at Blanche with all the earnestness of a lover. How beautiful she was! Could he possibly exist a winter without beholding her?

"Blanche it seems to me needn't be immured here," spoke her father, as if in answer to the young man's thought. "How many invitations have you out, sir, for the winter?"

The young girl blushed rosy-red.

"May Mapleton would scarcely take no for an answer," was her reply, "and dear Mrs. Switzer almost dragged me away with her."

"Yes, confound 'em," thought Willis, "one has a brother and the other a son, both mad after Blanche."

"Well, why don't you go to the Mapleton House, pet? I know they want you. They're as rich as Jews, and would make you as happy as a queen amongst them."

Willis trembled for the reply.

"No thank you, father—I'd rather stay here with mother and you. There are plenty who *say* they'd like me to come and visit them—but *here* I *know* I'm welcome."

"Yes, that you are, darling," murmured the mother, tenderly.

"Oh! dear—I don't care for anything but my school," cried Tom; "could'nt *I* stay down there, some way?"

The father looked grave again. An internal injury by which he was prostrated years before, had rendered him, as far as labor was concerned, helpless—at times the care that in keeping a hotel devolved upon him, gave him seasons of serious illness. He could seem therefore to do little for Tom, for his school-bills were heavy—and in addition his board and other items would keep them seriously in the background.

A bright thought made Willis Parker's eyes dance. He was away from home on a travelling tour, and intended to remain until spring, somewhere, at least, in the vicinity of the Mountain House. But now he said,

"I tell you what, uncle, (Mr. Carson enjoyed that relationship only through marriage,) if you'll let me stay, I'll play tutor to Tom. I should enjoy it mightily. Winter must look glorious from here, and we'll have famously grand times!—that is, Tom and I, at work, studying, you know. What do you say, uncle?"

"Why stay, and a thousand times welcome!" cried Bob Carson, holding his hand out—seeing Blanche color and her eyes sparkle. "Of course you shall. I feared you'd think I insulted you if I proffered an invitation, but since you propose it, why I'm glad from my very heart; that I am. Tom here will like it, I know."

"*I* like it," said little Jenny, creeping up to the young man's side, while Tom cried, "I thought of that, but I didn't dream you would."

"Very well," said the father, "now let's sum up our resources. Plenty of fire-wood—" he paused a moment, and then added, "perhaps! Plenty of oil—perhaps! Plenty of hens and chickens, I know—hams, potatoes—all the larder will want replenishing, but it will hold out a long while yet. Come, children, do you see how low the sun is getting!—and the air is chilly. We had better go into the house. It is settled, then, that Willis remains with us—but bless me, Willis, you forget the pleasures you forego. There are the balls, the rides, for, remember, we're top of all creation here—the theatres—the—"

"I long ago gave up such nonsense," said the young man, blushing as he felt that Blanche's eyes were upon him. "Besides, we can dance, and get up things of that kind very easily among ourselves. At any rate, I want to try it. I want to say that I have wintered, as well as summered, at the famous Carson House."

He laughed lightly, and they all went in to talk of what they would plan and do.

For the first few weeks the trial progressed swimmingly. Great fires were kept up, for they could easily cut more wood, they said, and the indoors was jovial in proportion as the outdoor cold increased. It did begin to be extremely Arctic. But when the winds roared, and the house shook, what did they care? Of nights they chatted and read, danced and sang, and shouted to their heart's content, confident that here they might make all the noise they pleased, and no one could criticise. They had resolved to turn the great kitchen into their winter-house, and furnish it with parlor and sitting-room furniture. There they had their study, their play-ground, and their work. Not only did the stove grow red, with the brisk fire made from the solid wood, but the great fireplace was heaped up with roaring logs. Their one servant, a kindly, affectionate creature, who would not leave them, was, at the same time, extravagant and thoughtless. She loaded on the wood, and as the family had been accustomed to use all they wanted, they did not think that there is a bottom to the longest and deepest wood-pile.

The men in the day time attended to the poultry, the pigs, the cow and the horse, and brought in great stacks of fuel, which, someway, were sure to disappear before the next day.

"Well, I don't know, but, after all, I shall have to go down the hill for some woodcutters," said the father, coming in one mild morning in January.

"Cannot we cut it?" asked Willis Parker.

"I can answer for myself, no," replied the father, smiling; "and as to you and Tom, it would kill you up in a couple of hours. The best way to do is to go down to Tim Hammel's, it's only a mile and half down. He always has plenty of hands, and will be glad to come. In a day and a half he will cut enough for a year. I'd no idea we were so far out. Someway I've been saying—I'll go *then*—at *such* a time, but it's been stormy or something. However, the weather is mild now—we've had but little snow, and no drifts."

"Oh! father, I don't like it," said Blanche.

"Don't like what, puss?"

"Why, your going. You might be overtaken by storms, lose the road, or something terrible might happen to you."

Bob Carson laughed at the fears of his pretty daughter.

"If you say much," he cried, heartily, "I'll take Willis off with me, and then you'll have no man to protect you."

"I should like to know what you call me?" asked Tom, bravely, looking up from his Latin grammar.

"A man, sir—in prospective," said his father, bowing with mock courtesy.

Still, though Blanche blushed crimson at her father's reply, she did not feel very pleasant at the prospect conjured up by her excited imagination. Notwithstanding she knew they had barely wood enough to last them two or three days, she dreaded that her father should encounter the winter dangers of the mountain.

"If I'm not back to-morrow don't be frightened," he said, gaily, as he set off full of animation, "if it keeps pleasant I shall go to the town and get a few things we need."

"No, no; you must not," said Blanche, threatening in a pretty, scolding way, then added, tearfully, "if you don't come back to-morrow, I'll come after you."

It was a mild, bland day, and, except to the very weather-wise, there were no signs of a storm. To men well skilled in reading atmospheric changes, the day itself would have prognosticated storm. There seemed but little life in the air. A hush brooded over the stately groves that sloped away from either verge of the road at some distance below the house. Every object lay so still, so fairly pictured, that one almost held his breath for fear the beauteous shapes and colors might dissolve.

The landlord reached Tim Hammel's cabin in safety, learned that he had work, but would be ready to come in a day or two, and then set forward for the town.

At home, a cloud seemed to have fallen upon Blanche Carson that neither Tom's lively sallies, Jenny's queries, or her mother's anxious, questioning-looks seemed to dissipate. Every few moments she would leave her work and stand gazing down the road, and off to the distant, distant fields, where everything was reduced to so small a scale, that they called it in sport, "pigmy town."

"What makes you so uneasy, my child?" asked her mother, as for the twentieth time Blanche sprang from her seat, and lingered long by the window.

"I don't know," replied Blanche, "its a strange feeling came over me when father first spoke of going. Without him it seems as if we were buried alive up here."

"That's a foolish trouble, Blanche," said her mother, feeling, nevertheless, more anxiety than she dared show. "It will continue mild for several days, I should think—what say you, Willis? Is there the least indication of a storm?"

Willis went towards the window and lifted it. Almost at the same moment came a short, sharp gust of wind, that cut like a knife, so intense and icy it was.

"The wind is coming up," said Willis, scanning the clouds; "and there is one flake of snow, at any rate. See, on my hand."

But it had melted.

"I knew it would storm," said Blanche, her eyes full of tears. "Just listen."

Another gust shook the whole house.

"Nonsense! that's nothing!" said Tom and Willis.

"He won't think of coming up, of course, if it should snow heavily," added Tom. "For my part, I don't see any use in worrying; girls always worry. Come, Willis; we'll get plenty of wood in, and give piggies their feed. I'm more afraid for the poor creatures. I wonder if they would be warm enough, if a storm should come."

"We'll do our best by them, at anyrate," responded Willis, and pulling on coats and mittens, the two went out together.

"Sure, then," said Biddy, "if it's going to be as big a storm as I dreamed of, ye won't be seeing the maister for some time, I be thinking."

"Why, how bad a storm did you dream about, Biddy?" asked Blanche.

"Sure, it was way over our heads! I thought it piled another mountain on us. And true as I live, there were a great snow-image away up in the sky. And says Miss Jenny, says she, 'That's my father! the snow took him up there.'"

Blanche gave a little cry, and grew deadly pale.

"Nonsense, Biddy!" said Mrs. Carson, "you needn't have told that part, when you see how nervous Blanche has been. It was curious, too," she added, smiling, "how, if the snow was all over our heads, you could possibly see anything in the sky."

"Yes 'm, it was mighty curi's," said Biddy, "but I *did*," she added stoutly.

Presently Tom and Willis came back, blowing their fingers. The inmates of the great kitchen did not need to be told how terribly cold the atmosphere was growing; every moment seeming to add to the keenness of the wind. In vain Biddy piled the wood on, till Tom cried out,

"Hold; remember there's precious little left; and we may not get more as soon as we expected."

"I think we had better make some screens," said Willis, whose breath formed in clouds as he spoke. "At the rate it's growing cold, all the fire the place could hold would hardly keep us warm."

So they set out to hunt for boxes or frames to cover, and draw up to the fire. It was strange what an awful chill had settled on every other part of the house.

"I tell you what! king winter has been locked in here," said Willis; "but now he's got out of doors. I didn't want to say it down stairs; but I wish your father was safe housed. Why! I never heard such a tempest!" he cried, as the wind roared and dashed up against the walls. "The suddenness of it; only think!"

"There'll be no trouble," said Tom, "if father don't start to come back. He's safe enough there, by this time; if he'll only stay. It would be certain death, to attempt coming home if this storm should be a regular northeaster; such as I've heard of. And to tell you the truth—what we shall do for wood, if he *don't* come, I'm sure I don't know."

"Oh! we'll manage," said Willis, heartily. And having found the requisite materials, viz.: summer-net-doors and quilts, they descended, almost frozen to the kitchen.

Night came on, and the storm began to rage with awful fury. The sullen boom of the wind striking against the uneven rocks and the overhanging cliffs, sounded like thunder, and the snow rushed against the shutters, and seemed pouring, like legions of small shot, all over and above the hotel. Nothing was pursued long—neither study, play, nor talk. Willis had essayed to read; but Blanche and her mother looked so anxious, and asked questions so wide of the story, that he saw their minds were not on it, so he gave it up.

"I never, never can go to sleep in such a storm!" cried Blanche; "feel that!" and she caught, in terror, at Willis's arm, as the house rocked to and fro, almost like a ship in the gale.

"I move we sit up all night, then," said Tom.

It was in fact, past midnight, when they had all retired. They had taken small rooms that led out of the kitchen, and when they opened the doors, it was like plunging into an ice-bath. What would they do, should this terrible cold increase?

The next morning they met together with languid faces, and muffled up as if for an out-door journey. There was no bearing with the intense cold otherwise.

"This is living in the mountain with a vengeance!" said Tom, with chattering teeth. "Oh! Biddy, put on the wood! put on the wood, girl! don't you see how blue we are, and nearly frozen?"

"No, Tom," said his mother, gently, "you remember we have but little wood—and we must husband what there is left."

"Husband be battered!" cried Tom, with a boy's roughness; "I'll have the barn, and everything else in the fire, but what we'll be warm. Oh! gracious," and his teeth chattered.

"How are you getting along, Blanche?" asked Willis, edging himself into the screen where she and Nelly sat.

"Oh! miserably," said Blanche, looking up, woe begone and trembling; "I'm thinking all the time of father. What will he do?"

"Stay where he is," replied Willis.

"Then what shall we do?"

"Do as Tom says," replied Willis, "pull down the barn. But I hope we shall not need it; it may clear away by noon. Whew! it does blow, don't it?"

"The last of the ham's gone, missis," said Biddy, coming up to the fire.

"I expected as much," replied Mrs. Carson; "but there are the hens and chickens, and the two pigs; we shall have plenty while they last."

They gathered about the breakfast table, but they all looked and felt somewhat desponding. The snow was drifting very rapidly and coming steadily, as if it never intended to stop. Tom and Willis found it hard work getting to the shed, and came in with their piles of wood, looking so white and cold, that they called forth the pity of the household. During the morning, they labored with a will, and brought in all the wood there was, declaring that they should have to go to work and split the barn to pieces.

"We hunted everywhere for the axe; where do you suppose it is?" asked Tom.

"Why! don't you remember! papa had it over his shoulder?" cried little Jenny. "He said he was going to get it ground."

"Thunder! so he did," cried Tom, aghast.

"Why! hadn't you but one?" asked Willis.

"You see father always had all the wood cut and piled," replied Tom, "and we didn't really need more. We're cornered; what shall we do?"

"No neighbor to borrow of," said Willis, laughing.

"Not within three miles, sure," replied Tom, "except Tim, the wood-cutter's, and it wouldn't be possible to find the way now.. Poor father! but then of course he won't think of coming home!"

"Of course not," said Willis.

"At any rate, there's wood enough to last us to-day and to-morrow—so let's make ourselves easy—but Willis—"

"Well, Tom!"

"What shall we do if it keeps on drifting and growing cold at this rate. Look there—drifted up half-way over the window."

"We must take a shovel and make as many paths as we can," he replied.

"I'll bet you a dime there isn't a shovel on the premises, except the fire-shovel. I heard father scolding our porter for losing or breaking one; and, great fools that we were, entirely unused to such an altitude, you know, we let Nathan, the gardener, lug off all his tools. What in creation are we to do?"

They went into the house. Blanche sat resting her head on her hand, looking sorrowfully into the fire. She had tried to drown her thoughts in labor, but she had finished her work, and now, with awful forebodings, sat listening to the moaning wind.

"Does the storm grow worse?" she asked.

"I should think not," said Tom, evasively. "A plague take mountain houses, in winter, say I."

"Blanche," said Willis, "you don't know how pale you are growing; this troubling yourself will injure your health. I know Uncle Bob didn't, or wouldn't, undertake to return. I know it."

"Do you think so?" she asked, looking up. A blush tinged her pale cheek as she met his earnest, worshipful glance.

"I *do* think so, honor bright, dear Blanche."

"*Dear* Blanche!" It was the first time—and oh! how sweet it seemed!

"For my sake—may I say it, Blanche, don't look so woe-begone. There is no danger, believe me."

"*Do* you think so? Well, perhaps I am foolish," she replied, smiling faintly. "I have been thinking suppose we should get snowed up here, and it was impossible for father to return—or he—" she shuddered. "No wood, you know, and so deathly, deathly cold. Do you believe it, I'm not warm right here by the fire."

"It's cold weather, Blanche, there's no denying that, and there's promise for considerable more snow. But then think of these four strong arms, Tom's and mine. Don't fear but they'll find you in fuel. As for uncle, he'll be snug in some friend's warm house."

"Oh! but he'll think of us! he'll think of us! and it will set him nearly distracted. He'll imagine all sorts of horrors; and oh! *perhaps* in spite of reason and warning, he may start and perish in the snow."

Her voice was lost in a sob.

"I think of it nights; I can't sleep," she sobbed, "I see him in every horrible place. You know there are such dreadful chasms—oh! Willis, I can't help it," and she sobbed like a child.

Jenny came up, threw her arms about her sister, and laid her head on her bosom. Poor little Jenny! she was so muffled up with extra dresses, shawls, hood and mittens that nothing could be seen save her bright eyes, full of tears.

"Tom!" cried Willis, starting up—for he began to feel a dimness in his own sight—"something's got to be done."

"I know it," said Tom, stoutly, "I'm your man—you're older than I am—just give your orders."

"Well, in the first place, we must make shovels," said Willis.

"If you'll just enlighten me as to the *how*," said Tom, gravely.

"I'm not much of a tool-maker myself, to be sure, but I think we'll find some boards down cellar."

"There isn't any down cellar," said Tom, "there is not *any* down here, in fact we're all up—and next thing we shall be covered up."

"Well, then, we'll find boards somewhere, and take carving-knives, jack-knives, or anything—get lines and tie them, if we can't make them any other way. We must shovel paths I tell you, or it will be impossible to get about. And another thing. There are plenty of trees just a little ways down, and we can break off the branches—they'll crack in this cold weather easily.

"Whew!" whistled Tom. "Let me tell your highness (for we're all highnesses now,) that there are no landmarks here by this time. You don't know our precious mountain-top. It's full of gullies and precipices and all manner of uncertain things at the best. I tell you it's risky business going over it without somebody that knows all the ground even in the summer time. No, no, we must chop down everything that can be chopped, make more screens, and keep in exercise."

Mournfully the women of the little household looked forth while they could. On the third day the storm still raged, with, it seemed, increasing violence. Some of their windows were thoroughly darkened by the fearful drifts, and the cold had coated the windows with a white mail that resisted all the heat. Willis and Tom had succeeded in making a passage under the snow from the back door to the barn, and from thence they brought every available thing for fire-wood. Both of them were seriously frost bitten, one in the hand, the other in the foot, and no amount of exercise seemed to serve to keep them warm.

A dreary prospect was before them. For fifty years the people in the town said there had not been a winter so severe as this—what must its violence have been on that cold, bleak mountain top? To add to the horror of their situation, they were in a state of the most awful suspense with regard to the father and husband. Their fancy conjured every mound of snow into his grave. They knew that, well aware of their condition, he would make almost superhuman efforts to ascend the mountain. Tom and Willis had once attempted to find even the way to the path, but gave it up in despair, wandered till they were almost helpless with cold, and returned nearly frozen.

Blanche moved around like a shadow. A heart-broken look had settled on her beautiful face, and she never smiled. Her mother seeing her so utterly cast down, strove to be cheerful in her presence; but often the voice faltered, and the head was turned sadly and quickly away.

Blanche was idolatrously fond of her father. She had always been his nurse in his hours of illness, his confidante with her mother in all his troubles. The suspense, therefore, with regard to his fate was, to her, overwhelming.

One morning there came an announcement that every available thing had been taken from the outhouses for firing. The floors had been stripped up, the doors broken down—in fact there was nothing more to burn, and the cold so intense that it was almost death to venture out of the house!

Tom and Willis for the first time seemed discouraged.

"We can't freeze," said Tom, desperately, "that's out of the question, if we have to tear the house down."

So they started for a tour of destruction. The first things that went were the bedsteads. In all the chambers up stairs there was frost two inches deep, and it was hard work to handle the icy furniture. The floor was coated, the chairs were covered, the tables were marbled, the mirrors were solid—in fact it seemed as if everything were congealed in ice. It was a pity to hack and hew mercilessly the beautiful furniture, but there was no alternative, they must do that or perish. Several times had they felt in the ever increasing cold that terrible torpor that precedes the effortless trance of death, and they were not willing to lose their lives while anything remained that could be used for fire-wood.

At last there was a huge load of costly fragments piled high beside the stove. The space around had meantime been well guarded by sofas, rudely made screens and unhinged doors fastened together. Beds were brought in this immediate vicinity for the women and little Jenny, and not far off slept Willis and Tom.

"I saw father in the night," exclaimed Blanche one morning.

She had risen, but exhausted lay down again on one of the lounges near the stove.

"Saw him! what do you mean?" cried her mother, noticing for the first time, her glittering eyes and crimson cheeks.

"I went to heaven, mother, and met him there. Oh! you can't think how beautiful he looked! Like fine gold, pure, clear and shining. He said he should be here soon, and told me to get all ready for him, and especially to have a warm bath, for he was so cold!" and the feverish girl shivered as she spoke.

Her mother went close to Willis, almost broken-hearted. "What shall I do now?" she cried, clasping her hands in anguish, "Blanche is ill, feverish, incoherent—and there's no doctor! no medicine!"

"I have medicine in a little trunk," said Willis, "that is, if it's not frozen up. Don't be alarmed—I have studied my future profession sufficiently to understand her symptoms. Dear Blanche"—he said tenderly, going towards her—"it is an illness induced by constant mental anxiety."

Sickness, alarming in its character, was now added to their other troubles. Blanche lay fearfully weak, raving in the wildest manner, of her father, of the Mountain House—and calling upon God to save them from death by hunger and cold.

A week passed. The storm was over, the sun came out, but did not appear to abate the fierce cold. Blanche grew no better, and little Jenny was also prostrated with the fever. Biddy, between extreme fright and cold, declared that she too, was sick, and it seemed as if the dark wing of the pale angel hovered over the little household.

Willis gave his whole attention to the invalids. Night and day, with sleepless vigilance, did he hover above the two couches, using his utmost endeavors, meanwhile, to keep up the spirits and the health of the almost hopeless mother. Blanche often lay whole hours with her head on the breast of her lover, and fancying him her father; it was to her a sweet resting-place.

Tom moved about, pale, moody, changed from the frolicksome boy to the care-worn, premature man. The house itself was desolate enough. Sheeted in frost from base to roof; many of the doors were taken down and used in the fire; and even the beautiful furniture of the parlors had been sacrificed to keep them warm.

In this situation were they one morning, some three weeks after Mr. Carson had started from home. Jenny lay deathly white, her breath fluttering up from her throat, her eyes fixed in the last agony of expiring life. Mrs. Carson held her, too pale and soul-stricken to weep. Blanche on another couch, lay in a deep stupor; and kneeling at her side, watching intently for the least change that might indicate returning consciousness—or the sadder sorrow of her death, was Willis, white as she, and worn with his labors and his grief. Biddy was making something over the fire for their refreshment; and Tom, all in a heap, sat afar off, his head buried in his hands, and moaning that little Jenny was so near her doom.

Suddenly he lifted himself—looked earnestly towards his mother—then bent his head—clasped his hands and listened. Hark. Strange sounds! footsteps—footsteps, surely! voices! glad, glorious human voices. Oh! yes, he heard them—but perhaps it was the fever! His brain, also, was burning hot. Again, and again—those sounds; nearer and nearer they came. There was tramping, pushing—there was a loud, anxious, confused talking. He could not be mistaken. On the crust over the window at the west piazza they came—those sounds! those tones! Now—a crash—oh! God be praised! oh! God be praised! some one had dared the terrors of the snow-piled mountain, and come to give them hope and life.

At the strange sound, Mrs. Carson raised her head—her cold, dim eyes, that longed for tears. No matter for the noise now—let them break down the house—little Jenny could not hear—little Jenny was in Heaven—perhaps with her father.

Down the slippery stairs they came, and there at the door—his face white—his hands upraised—crying out with a piteous cry—"Oh! my God! my God!" stands the husband! the father—Bob Carson—living, breathing, speaking—but smitten with horror.

With a wild cry, the wife fell into his outstretched arms. Tom, too, sobbing so that his whole frame shook with joy and anguish, hung on his father's neck. Blanche, roused from that unearthly trance, holding up her weak, pale hands—"Oh! father! father! has my father come?"

It was a sight never to be erased from the tablets of memory. The three stout men who had come with the anguished father, stood and wept like children.

"Oh! my little Jenny!" moaned the father—"did I dream of *this* when I left thee? Oh! my Blanche—my darling, live for father's sake."

Very slowly did the stricken girl recover. They laid little Jenny in her snow-clad grave. Her face looked like that of an angel—so beautiful! that they kept her for days and could not bear to put her out of their sight.

The story of the landlord's detention was soon told. He had been taken ill in the town, and, for a while, hovered on the brink of the grave. After his recovery, his friends would not let him venture to return; but finding him determined, a party of men set out together, that they might cheer and aid each other. How they accomplished the perilous journey, they never could tell. Several times they were on the very brink of death, but by aid of stimulants and a noble courage, they conquered the terrors of the ascent.

It was a long while before Blanche recovered. The birds sang among the branches, and the sunshine was melting the snow, when first she walked, leaning on the arm of Willis. He had fairly earned his right to call her his, and as soon as they could with safety leave the Mountain House, they returned to the town, and Blanche became a wife.

They never took the Mountain House again. The memory of that bitter winter effaced all love for the beauties of the situation, and little Jenny was brought from her mountain grave, and buried in the valley.

A wealthy relative dying, bequeathed a moderate fortune to the Carsons. Tom became a famous lawyer; and Doctor and Mrs. Willis Parker are among the most learned and honorable of all the town's people to this day. Sometimes, when the stranger is overtaken there—when the snowy wind howls round the mountain's base—he sits by the roaring fire in the hospitable farm-house or inn, and he is sure to hear the story of that terrible winter and the suffering family of the Mountain House.

☞ A German Prince, when introduced to an Englishman, by way of appropriately commencing the conversation, observed, "It is bad weather to-day." The Englishman shrugged up his shoulders, and replied, "Yes—but it is better than none."

☞ IDLENESS.—Beware of idleness; the listless idleness that lounges and reads without the severity of study, the active idleness for ever busy about matters neither very difficult nor very valuable.

A BIRD SINGING ON A CLOUDY EVENING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CARRIE MYER.

The warring wind and rain
Have ceased their strife on the window pane,
Yet 'tis a cloudy and desolate eve—
Hope has forgotten her wreath to weave,
I am sad and the sky is dark,
And the world is cold—but hark!
Suddenly breaks on the air so mute,
Sweeter than chords of harp and lute,
A gush of gayest melody.
Out in the old dead apple tree
A bird with pale brown wings
Contentedly sits and sings.
Sing on! thy strain is heard,
I am happy now for thy song, bright bird.

How many can sing this eve?
Of human hearts how many believe
That "a silver lining hath every cloud?"
That life is concealed by the misty shroud?
They bow their heads in the shadows dim;
They list no more to the pealing hymn;—
They have laid aside the gold and gems,
And the purple robes and the diadems!
A simple leaf can overreach
Lore that the great, stern world would teach!
A bird with modest wings
May humble the pride of kings!
Sing on! thy strain is heard,
I am better now for thy song, sweet bird.

TRUST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And I'll give you something to make you wise."

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And I'll give you something to make you wise;—
I'll give you something delicious to eat,
As rare as the fruits of Paradise,—
What, wilt not do it! dost doubt me, sweet?
Do you not know I would give you naught,
Naught but the nicest, the fairest and best?
Have I not been to you all that I ought?
Can you not trust me now, love, with the rest?"

Thus saith the lover in sportive mood,
Dangling his grapes o'er a rosy mouth,
Smiling, the maiden hath done as she should,
In veriest trifles believing his truth.
True love can never do aught to her harm,
Never will forfeit or lessen her trust,—
Thus it is always—*that* love hath no charm
That faileth to cherish what *true* love must.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And I'll give you something to make you wise."
Somewhat like this, mayhap, Providence speaks;
Give she us smiling, or give she us sighs,
Providence never her promises breaks.
Look not up doubting,—she doeth all well,—
Close your eyes trusting, and take what she brings,—
Gladness or sadness shall equally tell
Some lesson of wisdom in heavenly things.

Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And you shall have something to make you wise.

REGINA.

CRAIG LUCE CASTLE.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART II.

Part of the way down the rugged rocks that rested on the deep, perpendicular, craggy wall which descended into the boiling waves beneath, there was a cavern, or natural grotto, which was reached by a sloping narrow path, in some places indented like the bed of a dried-up stream, in others forming short flights of steps, hewn out, as it were, from the solid rock. Some stunted trees and hardy shrubs intermingled every here and there with the jutting rocks, and were of use to the timid pedestrian to hold by in descending to, or ascending from, the cave, and a platform, or smooth ledge of shingle, which lay a little lower down, and projecting three or four feet beyond the cliff, overhung the sea beneath. The cavern was tolerably large, and was lighted by an open space above, in one corner, where the rock took the shape of a cupola, or low dome, having a considerable aperture at the top. The only entrance to the cave was through a space in the rock, like a Gothic arch, and this natural doorway could only be reached by a winding path, which descended to the platform described above, and, skirting a mass of stone, brought the visitor almost by a circle to the mouth of the cavern. There was nothing to represent a window—no opening through which prying eyes might view what was going on in the interior of the cave, except one small fissure at the side, but it was covered by the foliage of a low tree, which seemed to issue from the rock itself, so close to it were its stem and roots.

This secluded cavern was an object of superstitious awe to the common people of the neighborhood. The name of the "Haunted Cave" had been bestowed on it in consequence of an old tradition, a legend which told that some hundred years before two brothers had sought that spot to settle, by single combat, which should be possessor of the castle. They were said to have been twins, and, consequently, each equally entitled to be the chieftain of Craig Luce. They fought in that cave, and one fell mortally wounded. But the survivor, struck with remorse, would not reside upon the lands that, after his brother's death, were indisputably his own. He went to the Crusades, and died a soldier of the Cross, in the Holy Land.

It was said that

> At the solemn midnight hour,
> When the restless dead have power,

the unappeased spirit of Hector Lockhart, of the olden time, sometimes revisited the scene of his last hour on earth, and that he would revisit it until another dark deed, committed in the same place, should transfer the right of haunting it to another spectre.

This quiet cavern had been frequently the trysting-place of Mr. Latimer and Jessy Lockhart, for there they knew that they were safe from intrusion. Latimer laughed at the superstitious tales attached to it, and Jessy had no fear of ghosts when *he* was her companion.

Early in the evening of the very day that Lady Lilias had made the useless appeal to her son, Mr. Latimer and Mrs. Lockhart took their way separately to the cliffs, and met, by appointment, at the narrow tangled path which led to the haunted cave. Latimer had gone with the determination of bidding farewell to Jessy: he was tired of the monotony of the castle, and, if truth were told, of Jessy herself, and longing for gayer scenes. Jessy, on her part, had made up her mind to elope from Craig Luce, and she hoped to arrange with Latimer the plan of her escape. They both, each fearing to annoy the other, put off to the last moment adverting to what was most in the thoughts of either. At length Latimer said,

"And now, my sweet Jessy, is it not time we should return to the castle? Swiftly as the moments fly while we are together, we must not utterly forget prudence. At least I would remember for you what for myself I might forget—still longer to enjoy your society. Alas! alas! in this world of bright illusions and dull, or gloomy realities, all that is most cherished fades the first; happiness fleets from our grasp like a shadow, while misery plunges its iron fangs into our hearts. And the time draws near—too, too near, when we must part. Let me, at least, carry with me the consolation that I have not injured your character by my ill-fated love, nor left you surrounded by suspicious relations—that I have not utterly destroyed your domestic peace."

"*Domestic peace!* Latimer! How can you mock me with these cruel words? Too well you know the misery of my life—*that* misery which gave you such an easy triumph over me. And is it *now* that you talk to me of prudence? Oh! you cannot love me as you have vowed you did, or you could not speak to me of cold prudence—you could not dream of parting!" And the unfortunate Jessy burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"The devil!" thought Latimer to himself; "these women are so unreasonable—tears, their constant refuge. Well, I must try to soothe her."

"Jessy," he said, with well-feigned sadness, laying his hand upon his breast, "if you could look into my heart, and see what is passing there, you would spare me the additional wretchedness of your reproaches. What but love for you has detained me so long among these bleak and solitary hills? What but imperious necessity could compel me now to leave you?"

The hollow-hearted Latimer turned aside, and struck his forehead as if in an agony of despair.

The deluded Jessy was softened and appeased. Sincere herself, even in guilty love, woman seldom doubts the sincerity of her lover until he has totally and insultingly thrown off his mask.

"I did not mean to give you pain, dear Latimer," she answered, sobbing still; "you who are my only friend. But oh, do not talk of leaving me! Will you not take me with you? I will do anything, be anything you desire. But oh, do not leave me here!"

"Yet, Jessy, think of the world's scorn. How could you bear up against it? Think of your fair name, your blasted reputation, the degradation that would fall upon you!"

"Others have been as guilty as we have been and yet they have been forgiven, nay, courted, by the world. But if I could only escape from the eternal ennui, the hateful thraldom of yon dismal castle, and live with you in free and happy love, little should I care for the world's bitterest scorn."

Latimer uttered a deep groan—of impatience it was in reality, though to poor Jessy it seemed the unaffected testimony of his commiseration for her sorrows. She gathered courage to proceed.

"Hear me, dear Latimer! I have surely gained some claim to your protection. Carry me with you wherever you may go; I can contrive my escape. That craven-spirited animal I am obliged to call my husband, will take no steps to pursue us; and if his imperious mother urges him to divorce me, so much the better. I shall then be legally rid of him, and you and I can marry, and become—even respectable in future."

At this proposal the usually imperturbable self-possession of Latimer gave way, as coloring deeply, stumbling and hesitating, he replied,

"Marry! Jessy—Mrs. Lockhart! Marry, did you say? Lady Lilias might make her son divorce you; but I—I—in short, I could not give you my name. I, too, am married!"

Jessy clasped her hands, but spoke not.

"Married to one who is as pure as the clear stars of night that are now beginning to shine in the heavens above us."

"Base man!" exclaimed Mrs. Lockhart, stamping her little foot with fury on the rock beneath; "and does it become you to taunt me with the purity of your wife—you, who have plunged me into guilt! Had I known that you were devoted hand and heart to another, never, never should you have made *me* your victim. Yet be not too secure, Edward Latimer! Whilst you have been busy alluring me to my ruin, another tempter may have been busy in your spotless home, and your immaculate wife may have become the prey of some one like yourself."

"No, Jessy, that cannot be. I trust her because I know she has no heart to be tempted. The driven snow is not colder than Lavinia Latimer. It was not to taunt you that I mentioned her virtue; nor, believe me, does she possess my affection. Ours was a match of interest. I never loved her—no, no! but she gives me no cause of complaint, therefore I am compelled to keep up appearances with her. You see, my beloved Jessy, that I am to be pitied as well as yourself. You will not part in anger from one who loves you, and you alone!"

And as he uttered these words, he threw all the fascination of which he was so capable into his manner, while, seizing her hand, he pressed it passionately to his lips.

A second time Jessy relented, but as her confidence in Latimer returned, she ventured to urge further her wishes.

"Well, dear Latimer, we will not dwell on the past—and I will not believe that you purposely deceived me. But, oh! the dark future appals me if you leave me here. You will stay yet awhile?" she asked, coaxingly,

"Alas! Jessy, our parting must be even now. Early to-morrow morning I must leave Craig Luce Castle, recalled to England by letters from Mrs. Latimer. Circumstances will admit of no longer delay on my part."

"We must part even now—you go to-morrow!" shrieked Jessy, in accents of piercing grief that might have touched a heart less callous than that of a practiced libertine. "Oh! do not say so!—oh, do not leave me! Take me with you, Latimer; only take me away from this frightful place, and I will never ask you to see me but when you choose. I will be your slave; I will work for my daily bread, though my father left me so much wealth; but oh, do not leave me here! If you could know how I despise and loathe the besotted fool to whom fate has bound me, how I dread and abhor his proud, terrific, vengeful mother, you would not leave me in their hands. Latimer, I tremble when I meet that awful woman's terrible black eyes, that seem to be glaring with the fires of hell—and—merciful Heaven! they are on me now!" She screamed wildly, as a pair of dark, malignant eyes became apparent through the aperture in the rock, not very far from where the trembling Jessy stood, which was generally well shaded by the bush on the outside.

Overcome with terror, she fainted away, and would have fallen to the ground had Latimer not caught her in his arms. He carried her further into the cave—to a spot where there was a smooth bed of dry sand, and placing her gently on it, he began with the utmost assiduity to rub her cold temples and hands, while his soliloquy did not say much for his interest in her.

"Confound this fainting-fit! How unlucky! I shall never get her home without some cursed discovery being made; and I shall have to carry her up these villanous rocks, at the risk of breaking my poor neck. I wish I were well out of this devilish scrape, and had fairly turned my back on Craig Luce Castle, with its old witch and its young one. If this business gets to the ears of that piece of perfection, Lavinia, what a reception she will give me! What lectures I should be doomed to listen to from my right reverend father, the bishop! And, above all, if a certain fair friend in Berkeley street were to hear of these, my peccadilloes in Scotland, what a storm of jealous reproach would await me!"

Jessy heaved a slight sigh, but still remained immovable.

"She is recovering. Shall I leave her here, and so escape the annoyance of a regular farewell, and all further persecution as to her accompanying me? No, no; it would be brutal to leave her alone in this cold cave. I am bound in honor to see her safe home." And, stooping over her more closely, he continued to use every means to recall her to animation. So engrossed was he with his efforts to recover Jessy as speedily as possible, that he did not perceive a tall figure gliding through the cave. Silently and stealthily it approached him. Unconscious of its presence, he continued to bend over the still fainting Jessy. Another moment, and, uttering a hollow groan, he fell forward, stabbed by the steady dagger of Lady Lilias Lockhart!

For a few moments she stood contemplating her work, and scowling upon the two prostrate figures before her; then stooping, she listened to ascertain if her victim still lived. She heard no sound like the agitated breathing of one in pain, and, supposing Latimer to be dead, she spurned him with her foot, exclaiming,

"Lie there and rot, thou foul mass of corruption! But no! I will not leave him here, for the caves of the rock may whisper of blood, and the fleshless bones may rise up in judgment against—the murderer, but the deep sea tells no tales."

Seizing the arm of her resistless victim she dragged his body out of the cave, but so roughly that it turned over at the entrance, and blood flowed in a stream from the wound. Observing this, she turned him over again on his face, and proceeded to drag him along the narrow path, taking the downward course. To her dismay she found that he was still living, for he groaned deeply, and then began to try to raise himself on his knees, and clung to a jutting rock with the arm and hand that were free. He was soon, however, overpowered, and dragged down towards the fatal ledge which projected over the sea. His senses had now partially returned, and, perceiving where he was, earnestly did he pray that his life might be spared, and fearfully did he struggle in the frenzied agony of the awful moment. But his dreadful assailant scoffed at his prayers, and, exerting all her strength, she hurled the unhappy man over the rocky platform into the foaming waves beneath! One wild, despairing cry arose above the howling of the winds and the roaring of the sea—then all was hushed that could have told of human crime or human woe.

Lady Lilias folded her arms and looked around carefully, then advancing to the edge of the flat rock she gazed downwards. Her steps did not tremble, her head was not giddy, as fixedly she gazed below; but nothing was visible except the wild waves dashing furiously against the naked cliff.

"It is done! It is well!" she muttered to herself; "the tide will carry his wretched body out far, far away, and none will ever know how he died. He deserved his fate!"

Lady Lilias concealed the bloody weapon under her ample shawl, and returned leisurely to the castle, as if she had only been taking an evening walk. She had wonderful self-command, as well as astonishing hardness of heart.

Jessy, meanwhile, on recovering from her fainting-fit, had found herself alone in the cave. She fancied that she heard a horrid shriek, but on rising and listening attentively there was no repetition of the sound.

"Where can Latimer be?" thought Jessy. "Probably he made his escape to avoid an unpleasant rencontre with that odious Lady Lilias; but he will surely come back for me." She waited for a little time, until the evil reputation of the place began to press on her mind. "It is quite dark in here!" she exclaimed. "What if the spirit that they say haunts this place should glide in?" Jessy shivered with terror. "I must get away, even at the risk of breaking my neck in that unsafe path;" and she hurried towards the entrance to the cave. As she was passing out her foot slipped on something slimy, and she fell down: suppressing a scream, she rose hurriedly and rushed up the pathway to the top of the cliffs as fast as possible; she ran the greater part of the way to the castle, where, entering by a little side door, she gained her own apartments without having been seen by any one. On procuring a light for herself, great was her horror to perceive that there were stains of blood on the lower part of her dress, on the side on which she had fallen, and that a little clot of blood was sticking to her shoe. It must have been blood in which her foot had slipped; but how did it come there? In vain she asked herself that question; imagination could afford no reply. Not choosing to meet Lady Lilias again that evening, and feeling faint and weary, she retired to her couch, in the full determination, however, of rising very early to see Latimer, in case he *really* intended to leave the castle next day.

At an uncommonly early hour she was in the breakfast-room next morning, but no Latimer made his appearance; in vain she waited until long past the usual hour for the morning meal; in vain she searched for him in the garden and grounds. Could he have gone before she was up? At length her anxiety became so great that she determined to knock at his bedroom door; again and again she knocked; there was no answer, and she ventured to open it. To her great surprise she perceived that the bed had not been slept in, nor the room apparently occupied the preceding night; yet Latimer's luggage was not removed, a portmanteau was there—packed evidently, and certainly strapped up—but combs and brushes, and other appurtenances of the toilet, were spread over the table, a dressing-gown was hanging up in one corner, and a pair of slippers stood near the sofa. Mr. Latimer could not, therefore, have finally taken his departure, unless he meant that his effects should be sent after him.

Jessy was quite bewildered, and as there was no one within the castle to whom she could communicate her feelings, she went to the cottage of her humble friends Donald and Helen Munro. She mentioned to them Mr. Latimer's extraordinary disappearance, and told them that she and he had taken a walk together the evening before on the cliffs, and had gone to rest for a short time in the "Haunted Cave." That Lady Lilias had also gone there; that she herself had been seized with a fainting-fit in the cavern, and on recovering from it had found she was alone—both Lady Lilias and Mr. Latimer being gone; that on leaving the cave her feet had slipped at its entrance on some clotted blood, which she had not observed to be there on going into the cavern. She asked what they thought of all this. Donald and his wife listened with earnest attention to Mrs. Lockhart's narrative, and both looked very grave, while meaning glances passed once or twice between them. Donald offered to go to the porter's lodge, and ask if Mr. Latimer had been seen to leave the castle early that morning or late on the evening before, and also to visit the "Haunted Cave," and look if there were any stains of blood at its mouth, or any appearances near it indicating that a struggle had taken place there. Jessy remained with Helen during his absence, thankful to have some one to speak to who seemed to feel for her.

After a time Donald returned with the intelligence that Mr. Latimer had not been seen to leave Craig Luce; the man at the gate said he had certainly not passed out that way either on foot or on horseback, and that no conveyance had come for him. Donald further said that he had gone to the cave and examined it closely, but that there were no marks of blood there; nevertheless, these might have been washed away, as it had rained heavily during the night. A little further down the narrow path, however, he had observed that a branch had recently been torn off one of the low gnarled trees that grew among the rocks, and just above the natural platform overhanging the sea there was the print of a man's feet firmly embedded in the clayey soil, both tending to create suspicion that perhaps a deadly struggle had taken place there.

"But between whom could a struggle have taken place?" asked Jessy, in a faltering voice.

"Who can tell?" replied Donald Munro. "Perhaps Mr. Archy may have quarrelled with the English stranger, and if he were excited by too much whiskey he might have attacked him suddenly yonder among the rocks."

Jessy colored crimson, and she turned her head away, unable to meet the eyes of the gardener and his wife. But she replied with a sort of gasp.

"Oh, no, no! It was never Archy—he is too great a coward—at least I mean he is not quarrelsome. But I will go to him and tax him with it. I shall soon find out if he has had any hand in the disappearance of his mother's guest."

She then left the cottage, fearful lest in her anxiety about Latimer, she might betray her too deep interest in him, and thus confirm the unpleasant surmises that she saw were already awakened in the minds of Donald and Helen Munro.

On returning to the castle she could see nothing of Archy; and the day was passed in restless misery by poor Jessy, who, however, still tried to persuade herself that Latimer would make his appearance at dinner-time. He came not; and all her dreadful forebodings were reawakened by a fisherman bringing to the castle a cap, or Scotch bonnet, such as gentlemen sometimes wear in the country, and which had Mr. Latimer's name in it. The cap was recognized to have been his; and the fisherman told that he had picked it up as it was floating on the sea, at some distance from the abrupt rocks which were so very high near Craig Luce. The awe-struck servants stood whispering together, and consternation was visible on every countenance; but Lady Lilias gave it as her decided opinion that poor Mr. Latimer, who, she knew, was fond of walking on the cliffs, must have gone too near the edge of the rock, lost his footing, and fallen over into the watery abyss beneath. No one could gainsay this; and the whole household adopted their lady's view of the matter. Everybody believed that the English gentleman was drowned—and drowned by accident—except four persons. These were Jessy, Archy, and the two Munros. Jessy's mind hovered between harrowing fears that some dreadful catastrophe had taken place, and hopes that her lover might have left the castle secretly to avoid the pain of another farewell scene with her, and that he would still be heard of; yet why was his cap picked up at sea?

Archy never for a moment doubted that his mother had contrived to murder Latimer; and he fancied that she had thrown his Scotch bonnet over the cliff, to make it appear that he was drowned by accident. He thought the dead man's bones would be bleaching somewhere among the rocks; but with that degree of cunning which supplies the place of good sense sometimes to people of inferior intellect, he religiously held his tongue, for fear that a word in accusation of his mother might bring down her vengeance upon himself, and cause her to kill him also. The Munros, knowing the character of Lady Lilias, her overwhelming pride, and relentless disposition, and fearing that she had just cause for disliking her treacherous guest, believed that he had met with foul play at her hands; and the facts of the broken branch, and the print of a foot near the ledge of rock which projected beyond the perpendicular precipice, afforded "confirmation strong" to their worst suspicions. Lady Lilias waited a day or two until she could hear if any more relics of her unfortunate victim were found, and then, with prudent hypocrisy, wrote to Lord Angus, mentioning the disappearance of his English friend, and the fear, generally entertained, from the fact of his cap having been found floating on the sea, that he had inadvertently walked too near the edge of the rocky precipice at a late hour in the evening, and, slipping his foot, had fallen over into the raging waters beneath. Lady Lilias added, that the margin of the cliffs was, unfortunately, Mr. Latimer's favorite walk.

Lord Angus wrote back how deeply he was distressed at the shocking event, and that he would acquaint Mr. Latimer's family with his mysterious disappearance from the castle; but he hoped that if the tide were full, his friend might have escaped being dashed to pieces on the rocks below, and might have been picked up by some boat passing near—in which case he might regain his home without returning to Craig Luce.

After a time, Mr. Latimer's family wrote to Lord Angus that Latimer had not come home, and that no tidings had arrived from him except those dated the day before that of his disappearance, when he wrote that he intended to leave the castle the next day for England. They acquiesced in the belief that he had fallen, by a sad chance, over the terrible rocks, and did not appear to have an idea of attaching blame to any living creature. About the same time, Lady Lilias received a letter from the father of her unfortunate victim, expressing the deepest sorrow for his untimely death, but thanking her warmly for her kindness and hospitality to him. It was also requested that his effects should be forwarded, as soon as convenient, to London.

Up to the time that this letter was received, Jessy had clung to the hope that Mr. Latimer might be safe and well somewhere. But now conviction of his unhappy fate took possession of her mind, and she gradually declined in health and strength.

Why had Lady Lilias, who had taken such a terrible revenge upon the partner of her guilt, left Jessy unpunished? It was because she knew that there was probability of her giving an heir to Craig Luce Castle that she had spared her. The birth of an heir was the event in the world most desired by Lady Lilias, and rather than run the risk of blasting that hope, she controlled her just indignation at Jessy's crime; she appeared blind to her misconduct, and even treated her with more consideration than she had ever done before.

At length the period, so anxiously expected, arrived, and the much wished-for heir made his appearance in this world of trouble. He was a beautiful infant, a very fine boy—and by the united wish, for once, of his mother and Lady Lilias, he was christened Hector; but Archy made strenuous, though unavailing opposition to the name, which he detested, as having been that of his much-favored elder brother. The little Hector bore a very strong resemblance to the unfortunate Mr. Latimer; no one could avoid seeing this; and Lady Lilias, with ready presence of mind, accounted for the likeness by the deep impression made on Mrs. Lockhart at the period of the ill-fated stranger's having come to such an untimely, and, it was feared, such a dreadful death.

Helen Munro had lost her first child shortly before the birth of Mrs. Lockhart's little boy, and by the earnest entreaty of poor Jessy, she was asked, and consented, to become the nurse of the young heir. Jessy knew that she was dying, therefore her most anxious wish was to interest some really kind-hearted individuals in her helpless infant.

"Oh, Helen!" she said, "promise me that you will be a mother to this poor child—that you and Donald will never forsake him! Oh! be kind to him, and do not leave him entirely to that dreadful Lady Lilias."

Helen promised her, with tears in her eyes, that she and Donald would love the child as if he were their own, and would do all in their limited power for him.

The hour of the poor invalid's dissolution fast approached. The night-lamp had been lighted in her room, and she had appeared to be slumbering for a short time; suddenly she started up, and, pointing with her wasted finger to a corner of the apartment, she exclaimed,

"See, see, he is there! How blue his lips are! How glazed his eyes! and there is seaweed entangled with his damp hair! and blood is upon him as if oozing from some gaping wound! Oh! do not fix such a ghastly gaze on *me; I* did not murder you, Edward—oh, no, no, no! It was she who came to the cave—it was Lady Lil—"

"She is raving, she is quite delirious, poor thing!" said Lady Lilias, approaching the bed. "Jessy, lie down; nurse, bring the composing draught."

Jessy started at the sound of her voice, and the words died on her lips. She spoke no more, but her eyes wandered wildly for a few moments back and forwards between Lady Lilias and the space where she fancied her unearthly visitant appeared. She then fell into strong convulsions, and death soon put an end to her mortal sufferings.

Shortly after she had expired, Archy burst into the room; he had been drinking freely in honor of the birth of *his* son. Being told that his wife was no more, he went staggering up and down the chamber of death, repeating, with drunken stupidity,

"We maun hae a braw funeral, mother. A braw funeral, eh, mother? And I'll hae to be chief mourner. Shan't it be a braw funeral?" Then muttering something, he added, with a low chuckling laugh, "Mother, who would hae been chief mourner for that English chap if the sea yonder hadna been his winding-sheet, and coffin, and grave into the bargain?"

A slight shudder seemed to pass over Lady Lilias's frame, and for a second she half closed her eyes; but recovering herself immediately, she said,

"Hush, Archy, hush! You must not be jesting in the presence of the dead."

"The dead winna hear me, I suppose," grumbled Archy, as reeling towards the bed, he laid his hand on the face of the corpse. Its strange coldness made him wince as if he had received an electric shock, and turning round with a terrified howl, he fled from the room as fast as his unsteady steps could carry him.

The little Hector was a beautiful but a very wayward child. Lady Lilias indulged him in everything, and did all she possibly could to make him fond of her. But in vain; he seemed to have a natural antipathy to her, and he was never so well pleased as when he was able to annoy her. The worse he behaved to her the more she seemed to wish to propitiate him. As to poor Archy, the little boy looked upon him with unqualified contempt, and made no scruple in declaring that the horses and the dogs, the cattle and the poultry, had more sense than his stupid papa. At three or four years of age he was completely lord of the castle; as imperious a little spirit as Lady Lilias herself.

The only persons who had any influence over him were his nurse, Helen Munro, and Donald the gardener. With them he was gentle and docile, affectionate and reasonable. Had he been allowed to be more with them in his infantine years it would have been better for him; but Lady Lilias was very jealous of their ascendancy over the little heir, and by her manœuvres compelled them to show less interest in the child than they would otherwise have done.

However, as Hector had a will of his own, he would not abstain from going sometimes to the Munros' cottage. There, without the knowledge of Lady Lilias, he was taught, when he grew a little older, to read and to write; and as he showed much aptness for learning verses by heart, Helen taught him several hymns, while it was a great amusement to Donald to repeat to his eager, intelligent little auditor old ballads, fairy tales, and many of the wild legends that were such favorites in Scotland long ago. Donald also found that the little boy delighted in listening to his own poems, and forgetting in his enthusiasm—perhaps in his vanity—the strong impression he might be making on the imagination of so excitable a child, he frequently recited to him verses that Hector, who was very quick, perceived were applicable to mysterious events that had actually taken place.

Hector took a malicious pleasure in repeating snatches of these verses to Lady Lilias, when, as happened occasionally in the evening, he would condescend to sit on a low stool at her feet, by the blazing fire, while the wind moaned around the old castle, as if wailing a requiem for the dead. There was always a slight contraction apparent on Lady Lilias's lofty brow whensoever anything vexed her; and the little Hector inwardly rejoiced when any of his tales, in prose or verse, called up this symptom of uneasiness. He saw it gathering on her forehead, as he repeated one among some of Donald's little poems, which he liked very much himself, the young heir, of course, being quite satisfied with his own childish judgment of poetry:

> "At Lady Mary's castle gate,
> Sir Knight, halt not thy gallant steed;
> Pass on, pass on, nor tempt thy fate,
> But give this timely warning heed.
>
> "Dost thou not hear the watch-dog's howl?
> It bodes of coming death, they say.
> Dost thou not hear the hoarse screech-owl?
> 'Bad omen! Then, Sir Knight, away!
>
> "Oh, enter not yon castle's walls,
> Within their gloom dark deeds are done—
> Tread not those spectre-haunted halls—
> Sir Knight, their blasting shelter shun!
>
> "For death doth there his victims wait!
> Stranger, be warned, and fly with speed;
> As Lady Mary's castle gate,
> Oh, halt not thou thy gallant steed!

"What do you suppose Lady Mary would have done to the stranger knight?" asked the child, looking up with a peculiar glance towards Lady Lilias. She pretended not to have heard him.

"Are all old castles haunted, grandmamma? Did you ever see a ghost? Do you think if I were to go late, late at night to the "Haunted Cave," I might see the spectre that walks there?"

"There are no such things as ghosts, Hector. It is only ignorant, foolish people that believe in them. You had better learn your multiplication table, and not fill your poor little head with senseless tales. Who tells you all this nonsense?"

Hector had no idea of confessing, for he well knew how angry she would be with Donald Munro.

"Oh, I just pick up '*this nonsense*,' as you call it, grandmamma. I like ghost stories, or any stories, better than the nasty multiplication table."

Lady Lilias had engaged a young man, who was boarding as a pupil with the old clergyman, to come to the castle every day, and give Hector lessons for a couple of hours. He was now about eight years of age.

"I like everything that is horrible, grandmamma, and solemn, and that makes me shiver. I should like to walk round a churchyard at night—but the dead bodies don't rise and come out of the graves themselves. I wish they

would; I should like to ask them questions about the other world. How can you say that there are no such things as ghosts, when the Bible tells us that Saul saw the spirit of Samuel? Don't you believe the Bible, grandmamma? All good people do."

Hector put an unpleasant emphasis on the word "good."

Lady Lilias said, "Well, we won't discuss the subject of ghosts any longer this evening. Perhaps you have some other sort of story you can tell me, or little poem you can repeat."

The boy reflected for a moment or two, and then exclaimed, "Yes,—oh yes! there's no ghost in *this* one." And in his clear, bell-like voice he recited,

"Though the dark rocks are mute, lady, and the crags tell no tales,
And the wild sea's voice speaks not, in mortal's tones, its wails;
Though the bright stars above, lady, looked on in dumb dismay,
And the dead no more on earth, for good or ill, can stray;

"Yet there's a piercing eye, lady, an eye that ever sees,
And the deepest shade of gloomy night before its splendor flees.
That eye was on you then, lady, and in the book of doom
Is traced the sentence you will meet in worlds beyond the tomb!"

The frown became almost fierce on the brow of Lady Lilias, and, rising suddenly she dismissed the boy, while, after he had left the room, she paced it up and down in a fit of fury rather than in any fit of repentance.

"Who can dare to teach him such words? Can it be that any around me suspect how that vile Latimer came by his death? The body was never found; the bloody marks at the entrance to the cave I myself obliterated at midnight, a very few hours after he met his fate, and before the faintest streak of dawning light could have revealed it to mortal eyes. Can this be—RETRIBUTION! that *his* child (for that child is assuredly his) should seem to be imbued with a supernatural knowledge of some mysterious deed? Hush! I will admit no cowardly thoughts—there was no crime in punishing the guilty and avenging the insulted honor of our house."

But though Lady Lilias contrived to silence the "still small voice of conscience," she was fretted beyond endurance by little Hector's innuendoes, and, too often, painful questions, and she determined to send him to some school far away from all the associations of his early childhood. Application was made to Lord Angus to recommend a suitable establishment, and immediately after his tenth birth-day, Hector Lockhart was placed at a school where he had to fight his way among the boys of his own age, and those older than himself. He was never a popular boy at the school, for his disposition was too proud and too gloomy; but he was extremely clever, and gained every prize that he took the trouble to contend for. One thing astonished his masters and companions, that there was no inducing him to visit Craig Luce Castle during any of his holidays. The other boys were all delighted to go home—but *he* had no happy home recollections. He contended himself, however, with telling the inquisitive that the castle was very dull, as no one lived there but his old grandmother, for poor Archy was looked upon by the young heir as "nobody." Lady Lilias appeared to give way to her grandson's whim, but in reality she was glad to escape the periodical holiday visit, and she hoped he would be an altered being when he finally returned home.

Time wore on, and Lady Lilias, too callous to be penitent for her past crimes, might have spent some peaceful days in her advancing years, but she was kept in much anxiety about Hector. As he grew older his manners became very strange; he sometimes fell into fits of deep melancholy which lasted for weeks, and then, if anything angered him, he would suddenly pass into an excess of furious frenzy, more like insanity than bad temper. He talked at times wildly, and it was found absolutely necessary to remove him from school, and place him quietly with a private tutor. Lady Lilias sanctioned everything that was done, under good medical advice, for Hector's advantage, his poor mother's wealth supplying the means. It was feared that he showed symptoms of incipient derangement: change of scene was recommended, and he travelled about with his tutor.

During one of these migrations he met a youth of the name of Latimer, two or three years older than himself, and his tutor was amazed at the strong resemblance he bore to the stranger. No brothers could have been more alike than they were in features, and even in voice, though the Englishman had not the Scotch accent of Hector Lockhart. On hearing Hector's name and lineage, the young Latimer remembered that it was at Craig Luce Castle his father had been so hospitably received, as he had heard when a child, and mentioning how much the elder branches of his family had felt obliged to Lady Lilias, he invited Hector to spend some time with him at his uncle's house in Devonshire, that being *his* home, as his mother had married again and gone to reside abroad.

Influenced by a sort of morbid curiosity to know something of the Latimers, the relations of the unfortunate man whose name was so painfully familiar to him in his early childhood, Hector accepted the invitation, and he and his tutor were about to accompany young Latimer to Devonshire, when letters arrived from Lady Lilias recalling Hector to the castle on account of his father's (poor Archy's) dangerous illness. Hector, accustomed only to consult his own wishes, was on the point of refusing to return to Scotland, but the tutor exercised his utmost powers of persuasion to induce him to go, and with a foreboding of evil which he did not attempt to shake off, Hector consented to revisit Craig Luce.

Arrived there, they found poor Archy at death's door. He did not recognize Hector, who was now a tall youth, about eighteen years of age, and very manly-looking, but muttered the name of "Mr. Latimer;" and assuredly Hector's resemblance to that unfortunate individual was perfectly wonderful. Archy manifested much uneasiness as Hector stood by his bedside, and motioned him to go away. As Hector, however, kept his ground, the dying Archy seemed for a moment to gather strength, and shouted in a paroxysm of horror.

"Go, dead man, go! What d'ye want wi' me? *I* didna tak your life—I had naething to do wi' it—it was na me!"

Lady Lilias besought Hector to leave the room, and when he had gone, the poor sufferer became calm again. He soon after seemed very drowsy, and slept on until slumber had merged into death.

Hector had retained his old partiality for the Munros, and speedily resumed his intimacy with them. He would chat with Donald and his wife as is they had been his equals, and he never looked gloomy when playing with their children. But Lady Lilias was more jealous than ever of his regard for that family, and, forgetting her usual prudence, she one day attacked him openly about those "low, designing wretches," as she called them. Hector fired up, and warmly defended his favorites. The old lady and he both became much excited, and at last, Lady Lilias told him that if he continued to visit these people as he had been doing, thereby taking them out of their sphere of life, and teaching them to be insolent to their superiors, she would dismiss Munro from his situation, and turn them all off the estate.

"*Try* it," said Hector, in rising wrath; "just dare to try it, and see what you will bring on yourself."

"Dare!" exclaimed Lady Lilias; "is it to *me* that you use that word?"

"Yes, to *you*!" replied Hector, nodding defiance at her. "At present you may be all-powerful here, as you have so long been; but in a very few years, when I am of age, I shall have my legal rights, and *your* reign will be over."

"Not while *I* live," retorted Lady Lilias. "I will yield my power to none while life is spared me, and these presumptuous peasants shall be driven with ignominy off of my lands."

"I am Lockhart of Craig Luce," said the boy, drawing himself up proudly; "you cannot keep my inheritance from me; and when I am twenty-one, Donald and Helen Munro shall come to live here—here, in the castle itself; and it will be *you* who shall be turned out."

Lady Lilias's large black eyes glared as of old, as she turned them full upon the youth, but he met her withering gaze with a dauntless look.

"Lockhart of Craig Luce!" she cried, scornfully—"*you* a Lockhart? Insolent boy! One word from my lips would scatter your claims to the wind."

Hector made no reply, but he looked at her fiercely, and then laughed derisively. His contemptuous manner increased her rage, and, losing all self-control, she exclaimed,

"You do not know who you are; but *I* can tell you. You poor benighted being, upon whose corpse you looked so coldly; was not your father—you are a base-born—"

"Hush, Lady Lilias—hush! Speak not these words of shame, or it will be the worse for you," said Hector, clenching his fist; "I will suffer no obloquy to be cast on my unfortunate mother's name."

"Your mother was false to her husband," shrieked Lady Lilias; "you are *not* Lockhart of Craig Luce; you are the son of the villain Latimer!"

"Am I—am I?" gasped Hector; "then it is my duty to revenge my father's death upon his murderer!"

And he sprang like a tiger on Lady Lilias. But she shook him off with a sudden jerk, and, hastening towards the long bell-rope, she seized it to ring for assistance. He caught it from her hand, and in another moment he had twisted it round her neck! She was taken by surprise, and, before she could resist him at all, he had pulled the rope like a noose tight round her throat. Lady Lilias tried to scream, but only a sort of hoarse gurgling sound came forth; she then exerted all her strength to struggle with Hector—but her struggles only served to tighten the noose round her neck; at length they set the wires in motion, and the bell rang furiously. After a few moments several persons rushed in; the tutor hastened from the library—the butler from his pantry—the female servants from their various employments; and horror-struck they all were at the scene which met their eyes. The tutor and the butler together managed to drag Hector from his victim, while the women undid the noose, and released Lady Lilias from the cord which was strangling her. She was a dreadful spectacle! Her eyes were starting out of her head, her face was purple, and the veins of her forehead were swollen, as if about to burst.

She was laid on a sofa, and everything was done to recall animation, but without effect. Lady Lilias died—died in all the obduracy of her hardened heart; without time or thought for one prayer for mercy to the Throne of Grace, her soul, stained with unrepented crime, was sent into the awful presence of her Creator and her Judge!

Hector, who had, indeed, been the avenger of his father's dreadful death, remained in a terrible state of excitement the rest of the day; and, before night, he was raving in all the delirium of a brain fever. During his long illness, his attached nurse, Helen Munro, attended him with unwearied assiduity, for there was no one now to exclude her from the castle. At length young "Lockhart of Craig Luce," as he was still styled, recovered his bodily health, but his mind was gone, apparently for ever; he became a decided lunatic, and it was deemed necessary to remove him to an asylum for the insane. There, death, in a very few years, ended his mortal career; and Craig Luce Castle passed into the possession of the heirs-at-law, the distant connexions whom Lady Lilias had so much disliked, and to exclude whom she had concealed her knowledge of the unfortunate Jessy's guilt, and had pretended, from the period of his birth, to believe that her child was legitimate. Strange to say, though aware that he was not her own grandson, Lady Lilias had loved the boy, and hence arose her jealousy of his attachment to his nurse and her husband.

The worst human heart must cling to something, even if it be but a dog, or a cat, or any other creature that has life. Perhaps, too, Lady Lilias felt herself impelled by some mysterious, hidden, unacknowledged influence to make up to the innocent child, in as far as she could, for the awful punishment she had inflicted on his unhappy father. Her kindness to the son might have been a sort of compromise with her conscience, if it ever whispered to her the unwelcome truth that the stain of murder was on her soul. How, in a moment of violent passion, the affection, the caution, the silence of years had been forgotten and cast aside!

And is it not too often thus among those who live only for this sin-pervading world? Expediency, prudence, selfishness itself, will give way before the headlong fury of angry passions when these are not controlled by a strong sense of duty. Duty, not to one's fellow-creatures alone, but to that great invisible Being to whom we are accountable for every action of our lives, and every thought of our hearts.

The successors of the ill-fated Hector were gay people, fond of society and amusements, and who had no reverence for the ancient family of Lockhart, or the ancient castle of Craig Luce. The latter they found an intolerably stupid abode even for a few weeks in summer, and therefore they were, what poor Lady Lilias would have called, *such barbarians* as to sell the place to a rich Paisley weaver, who fancied that by becoming a landholder he would take rank among gentlemen. But the few families in the neighborhood abstained from visiting the new comers. This was a sad mortification. The old castle required an immense deal of repair; and the weaver's wife and daughters were terrified out of their wits by the dreadful tales told to them by the servants of the mysteries of the "Haunted Cave," the unearthly noises that were heard, and the fearful apparitions that were seen in various chambers of the castle itself. The weaver's lady vowed that nothing would induce her to spend a winter amidst ghosts in that dreary solitude, and it was then determined to abandon the gloomy dwelling to its fate, though the new proprietor retained the lands attached to it.

The castle consequently fell into decay; and as fresh generations sprang up, the aristocratic position, the pride, the crimes, and the misfortunes of the Lockharts of Craig Luce began to be forgotten, or were only alluded to as stories of "auld lang syne" by the descendants of Donald and Helen Munro, and of one or two other old tenants, who had imbued their grandchildren's minds with awe for the haunted turrets of the dilapidated old building which still went by the time-honored name of "*Craig Luce Castle.*"

A CURIOUS CASE.

In 1847, only twelve years ago, an English nobleman, Sir William Paget, renowned in the best society of London for his eminent erudition, his manly beauty, and fascinating conversation, and well known to the literary world by his writings, went over to the Continent. Having visited France, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, he went to Hungary, a country which was then on the eve of great events. He spent several weeks at Pesth, and in the neighboring country seats of the Hungarian nobles. In the beginning of Autumn he visited Transylvania, and was received at the castle of Count S. Bethlen, with all the oriental hospitality and generosity that a rich Hungarian magnate likes to display to every man of education who visits him. Count Bethlen was descended from the old royal family of the Bethlen-gabors. He was a fine-looking old man—every inch a real gentleman. He was married some years previous to a young noble lady of his country, the Countess M. L., who was not yet twenty years old, the Count being nearly fifty. He had known her as a child in the home of her mother, and she married him, as young girls often do, more for the high respect than for the deep love she felt for Count Bethlen. Notwithstanding both lived a happy family life in the old immense feudal castle of the Bethlens near Clausenburgh. Sir William Paget, to whom the Count had given a suite of apartments, saddle horses and attendants, lived several weeks in this family, enjoying the varied hospitalities of the castle and country. It is needless to say the brilliant conversation and the exquisitely polite manners of Sir William soon found grace in the eyes of the young and beautiful Countess. Sir William proved the "Consuelo," and a criminal love ensued. One day the Count went out hunting on horseback. Sir William Paget stayed at the castle with pretended illness; but one of the Count's attendants warned the Count, telling him if he would but return to the castle he would find the stranger in the Countess's apartments. In hot haste the Count rode home, and found Sir William in the bed-chamber of his lady. Arming himself with pistols, he forced Sir William to follow him to his private room; being there, he sent for a notary and two confidential witnesses, asking Sir William if he had abused his hospitality and confidence in consequence of a real love to his wife, and if his love met a response. The answer being in the affirmative, he ordered the notary to draw up a contract of marriage between the Countess of Bethlen, born Countess M. L., and Sir William Paget, late of the Royal Hussars of London. The contract in one, the loaded pistol in the other hand, the Count with a terrible but quiet earnestness summoned Sir William to sign the act of marriage immediately or to die on the spot. Sir Wm. Paget signed the contract. The next day the Bishop of Klausenburgh was sent for, a divorce was legally procured, and a week afterward the marriage formally completed in the castle of a neighboring nobleman. The Count gave to his wife all her jewels, horses, and carriages; and some months afterward Sir William Paget bought from him one of his large possessions in Transylvania, where up to the present time he lives happily with his wife.—*Corres. of Daily Tribune.*

☞ A lady whose style of piety was more affected than attractive, once took a friend to task for wearing feathers. "But," said the friend, "why are my feathers any more objectionable than the brilliant artificial flowers in your own bonnet?" "Oh," replied the censorious disciple, "Christians must draw a line *somewhere*, and I draw it at feathers."

A DUEL IN A BALLOON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE COURRIER DE L'EUROPE.

An affair of this nature took place some fifteen days or three weeks ago at the most, on the occasion of the last ascent but one of the celebrated and lucky aronaut, M. Godard. M. Godard took with him on that day, as his *compagnon de voyage*, a wealthy private gentleman, who paid one thousand francs for the privilege of sharing in the perils of the expedition. The weather could not have been more propitious, and the balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude.

"What effect does that have upon you?" asked M. Godard of his companion.

"Nothing," said he, laconically.

"My compliments to you," said M. Godard. "You are the first whom I have ever seen arrive at such an altitude, without betraying some emotion."

"Keep on mounting," said the traveller, with a gravity supreme.

M. Godard threw over some ballast, and the balloon ascended some 500 feet higher.

"And now," added M. Godard, "does your heart beat?"

"Nothing yet," replied his companion, with an air which approached closely to impatience.

"The devil!" exclaimed M. Godard. "You have really, my dear sir, the most perfect qualification to be an aronaut.

The balloon still ascended; when 1,000 feet higher, M. Godard interrogated a third time his companion—"And now?"

"Nothing, nothing; not the shadow of a fear whatever!" answered the traveller, with a tone positively discontented, and like a man who had experienced a profound deception.

"Goodness me! so much the worse than," said the aronaut, smiling; "but I must renounce all hopes of making you afraid. The balloon is high enough. We are going to descend."

"To descend!"

"Certainly; there would be danger in mounting higher."

"That does not make the slightest difference to me; I do not choose to descend!"

"You what?" asked M. Godard.

"I say I wish to ascend higher; keep on mounting. I have given 1,000 francs in order to experience some emotion; I must do so, and I will not descend until I have felt some emotion."

M. Godard commenced to laugh; he believed at once that it was all a joke.

"Will you ascend once more?" demanded the traveller, seizing him by the throat, and shaking him with violence; "when shall I feel some emotion?"

M. Godard relates that at this moment he felt himself lost. A sudden and dreadful revelation broke upon him in regarding the strangely dilated eyes of his *compagnon de voyage;* he had to do with a madman!

To try to make a maniac listen to reason—to ask for help amidst the clouds!

If even the unfortunate aronaut had any defensive weapon, he would, after all, have been capable of defending himself; but it is not usual for people to furnish themselves with pistols for a voyage in a balloon, and certainly one would not dream of meeting with a warlike encounter in the stars.

The earth was 5,000 feet beneath—most horrible depth; and the least movement of the now furious madman might cause the car to capsize.

M. Godard, with the presence of mind acquired by him in so many of his daring aerial expeditions, made all these reflections in the space of a second.

"Ah! ah! you are mocking me, my fine fellow!" continued the madman, without loosening his grip. "Ah! you think to rob me of 1,000 francs as well as my emotion. Very well, be quiet. It's my turn to laugh. It's you now who are going to cut a caper."

The madman was possessed of prodigious muscular strength. M. Godard did not even attempt to defend himself.

"What do you wish from me?"

"Simply to amuse myself in seeing you turn a summersault," answered the madman, with a ferocious smile. "But first," (the madman seemed to bethink himself,) "I have my idea. I wish to see if I can't find some emotion up there. I must put myself astride on the semicircle."

The madman indicated with his finger the upper part of the balloon. Just in speaking he commenced to climb along the cords which held the car attached to the balloon.

M. Godard, who had not before trembled for himself, was forced to do so now for the madman.

"But, miserable man you are going to kill yourself; you will be seized with vertigo."

"No remarks," hissed the madman, seizing him again by the collar, "or I will at once pitch you into the abyss."

"At least," observed M. Godard, "allow me to put this cord around your body, so that you may remain attached to the balloon."

"Be it so," said the madman, who appeared to comprehend the utility of the precaution.

This done, furnished with his cord of safety, the madman commenced to climb among the ropes with the agility of a squirrel. He reached the balloon and placed himself astride the semicircle, as he had said. Once there, he rent the air with a shout of triumph, and drew his knife from his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" asked M. Godard, who feared that he might have an idea of ripping open the balloon.

"To make myself comfortable forthwith." Uttering these words, the madman slowly cut the cord of safety which M. Godard had attached to his body.

With a single puff of wind to shake the balloon, the miserable creature must roll over into the abyss! M. Godard shut his eyes, in order not to see. The madman claps his hands; he cannot contain himself with delight. He spurs the balloon with his heel, as if on horseback, to guide its flight.

"And now," yelled forth the madman, brandishing his knife, "we are going to laugh. Ah, robber, you thought to make me descend! Very well. It is you who are going to tumble down, in a moment, and quicker than that!"

M. Godard had not time to make a movement or put in a single word. Before he was able to divine the infernal intention of the madman, the latter still astride of the semicircle, had cut—oh, horror!—four of the cordages which suspended the car to the balloon! The car inclines horribly—it only holds by two, I was going to say by one cord, so slight do they appear! It would have been all over with Godard if he had not grasped desperately at the two remaining. The knife of the madman approaches the last of the cords—yet a moment and all will be over!

"A word, a single word," cried M. Godard.

"No, no pardon," vociferated the madman.

"I do not ask for pardon, on the contrary—"

"What is it you wish, then?" cried the madman, astonished.

"At this moment, now," continued the aronaut, hurriedly, "we are at a height of 5,000 feet."

"Stop," said the madman, "that will be charming to tumble down from such a height."

"It is still too low," added M. Godard.

"How so?" asked the madman, nearly stupified.

"Yes, my experience as an aronaut has taught me that death is not certain to ensue from a fall from this elevation. Tumble for tumble, I much *prefer* to fall from such a height as to be killed outright, rather than to risk only being lamed—have the charity to precipitate me from a height of 9,000 feet only."

"Ah, that'll do!" said the madman, whom the mention of a more horrible fall charmed amazingly.

M. Godard follows heroically his purpose, and throws over an enormous quantity of ballast. The balloon makes a powerful bound, and mounts 500 feet in a very few seconds.

Only—and whilst the madman surveys this operation with a menacing air—the aronaut thinks to accomplish another, in a sense quite contrary.

The quick eye of M. Godard had remarked that among the cords spared by the madman, figures the one leading to the valve. His plan is taken. He draws this cord, it opens the valve fixed in the upper part of the balloon for the purpose of allowing any excess of the hydrogen gas to escape, and the result which he hoped for was not long in making itself apparent. Little by little the madman becomes drowsy, asphyxiated and insensible by the vapors of the gas which surround him.

The madman being sufficiently asphyxiated for his purpose, M. Godard allows the balloon to descend slowly to the earth.

The drama is finished.

Arrived on *terra firma*, M. Godard, not bearing any hatred to the author of his perilous voyage, hastened to restore him to animation, and then had him conveyed, hands and feet bound, to the neighboring station.

NEWS ITEMS.

It is stated that the divorced wife of Washington Smith, who played such a prominent part in the tragedy which resulted in the shooting of Richard Carter, by Smith, in Philadelphia last fall, was married about three months since to the editor of a Susquehanna county (Pa.) paper.

In the British House of Peers an attempt was recently made by Lord Campbell to make an alteration of the law of trial by jury, in respect to verdicts. His lordship would make it the law that a majority of nine, after six hours deliberation, should carry the verdict. But, in spite of his eloquence, his experience and his illustrations, the law lords were mostly against him, and the bill was lost by a majority of 23 to 7.

Mr. BARNUM lately attempted to deliver a lecture on Money-Making, at Oxford, England, but was greeted with groans and hisses, hit with an orange, and peppered with chestnuts, till he was compelled to silence.

WASHINGTON IRVING was visited on the 3d inst., his 76th birth-day, by his neighbors, who greeted the venerable man with honors and congratulations.

A GENTLEMAN of England of large fortune—worth £40,000—was indignant with his daughter, an only child, for marrying against his wishes. He quarreled with her, disinherited her, and left the whole property to his attorney and other gentlemen. His attorney, Mr. Warren, author of "Ten Thousand a Year," went to his colegates, got them to sign their claims over to him, and then paid the whole £40,000 to the daughter.

FRANKLIN.—There now exists, says the Historical Magazine, in the town of Franklin, Mass., the identical library that Dr. Franklin gave to it for adopting his name. He was asked to give a bell for the meeting-house; he preferred to give a library, as a bell has more sound than sense. Most of the hundred or two books he gave are still preserved, and are among the best standard works in the English language.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On the 11th inst., William McElwee, of New London, Pa., was returning from a neighbor's house, in Mill Creek Hundred, Del., with a load of potatoes in his wagon, when the vehicle was upset and Mr. McElwee was killed by the whole load falling upon him. The body and team were not discovered until the morning of the 13th.

THE number of passengers brought down to Panama, from San Francisco, by the regular and opposition lines of steamers, the last trip, was nearly thirteen hundred.

RENTING THE CANALS.—The Ohio canals are to be leased at public auction, on the 15th of August next, to the highest bidder, for a term of five years.

A CURIOUS work has just been published in Paris, entitled *Les Batard celebres* (Celebrated Bastards), with a prefatory letter by Emile de Girardin, who himself belongs to the same class.

NAVIGATION on Lake Pepin is now open. The first boat from St. Paul arrived at La Crosse on the 21st.

THE Deseret Valley Tan thinks that between four and five thousand persons will leave that Territory for the States and California, all of them apostates from the Mormon Church, in a few months.

PRIOR to the 22nd of February, it had been storming in Utah for three weeks. It was the severest weather ever experienced. The snow storms in the neighborhood of the South Pass were terrific.

THE Presbyterian Church, at Courtland, N. Y., has suspended one of its most respectable deacons, for attending the meetings of Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Parker, and other "*sensation*" clergymen.

THE disease of Bishop Doane, of N. J., has assumed a typhoid nature, and his recovery is very doubtful. His mind sometimes wanders, though his mental vigor does not seem to be much impaired. A number of his friends from various sections of the country are with him, and all manifest the deepest concern at his condition.

KANSAS.—The official majority in favor of the calling of a State Constitutional Convention was 3,881 votes. Governor Medary has issued a proclamation, providing for the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention, to assemble at Wyandotte, in June next. There are indications of a warm contest.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

PARLIAMENT TO BE DISSOLVED—WAR THREATENING.

The most important items of the news are the following:—

Lord Derby had announced, in the English House of Lords, that the Cabinet would dissolve Parliament, and appeal to the country. He commented on Lord John Russell's course, and characterised Lord Palmerston's recommendation that ministers should accept Lord John Russell's amendment, as a direct insult. He rejoiced at the generous support that the government had received, and expressed the conviction that, for the want of cohesion, the opposition would speedily be dissolved.

He also said that the Cabinet had decided to dissolve Parliament as soon as the public business permitted. They thought that the country ought to be consulted at the present crisis, and because the interests of peace would suffer from a change in the administration. Mr. Disraeli made a corresponding announcement in the House of Commons.

It is reported that Austria will insist on the disarmament of Piedmont before the opening of the Peace Congress.

The sedition trials in Belfast had resulted in the disagreement of the jury.

Certain remarks made on Friday, by Lord Palmerston, in Parliament, are construed into an admission of the hopelessness of peace. He said he hoped to be able to present a statement to the House before the prorogation, which would show that the government had done all it could to preserve the peace of Europe.

The movement of troops and war material in France continues on a large scale—25,000 troops are on the way to reinforce Lyons. A feeling that war is inevitable prevails at the French Foreign Office, and is shared by some of the highest functionaries. Orders have been sent to Toulon for sixty-eight vessels to be ready for sea at an hour's notice. Also, eight vessels have been ordered from Brest to Toulon.

All the vessels in the Adriatic, belonging to Marseilles, are hastening home.

The Paris Bourse was declining.

The English ambassador at Turin has suddenly left on his return to London.

Count Cavour, of Piedmont, is reported to have said that he could at any time apply the match to the materials of conflagration at his command, and force France to join him.

Parliament was proceeding with its usual business, and no date had been fixed for the dissolution, although it was expected to take place before Easter.

An Australian mail, with Melbourne dates of Feb. 15, was telegraphed. Imports were extremely dull, wood dearer, and the production of gold increasing.

No date had been fixed for the dissolution of Parliament. The candidates were flooding the country with addresses to their constituents. Lord Palmerston in his address, asserts that the simple question at issue is the merits of the government reform bill.

The Times comments upon the remarkable omission in the address of Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Disraeli, upon the subject upon which the whole contest began, that of the future reform bill, and says that the great popular cry has become a taunt and not a boast.

At Queen Victoria's levee, Senator Clingman, of North Carolina, was presented by Mr. Dallas.

At the annual meeting of the Great Western (of Canada) Railroad Company, held in London, the directors report, declaring a dividend of three per cent. per annum, was adopted.

Advices from Milan state, that the following order of the day has been posted in the barracks in the town:—"Austrian soldiers, the Emperor calls you round his banners, to beat down, for the third time, the pride of Piedmont; to expel from their door those fanatics who destroy the tranquillity of Europe. Advance against the enemies who have always fled before you. Remember the victories of 1848 and 1849—remember Novara, where your foes were dispersed and annihilated. Let our watchword be, 'Viva Imperatore.' Our rights for ever."

LATER.—The Vienna correspondent of the Times telegraphs as follows:

"VIENNA, Friday evening.—The long expected crisis is at hand. A corps of fifty thousand men goes from this city to Italy to-morrow, and on the following day another corps of sixty thousand men is to be assembled here. A reserve corps of seventy thousand men will be placed in Bohemia and Moravia. The reserve of the army in Italy, and of the corps about to leave the city, have been called in."

The government of Portugal has authorized the free admission of Indian corn.

LIVERPOOL, April 8.—Cotton is depressed, and has slightly declined, in consequence of the war rumors.

Breadstuffs, wheat, corn, &c., dull. Beef and pork firm.

A NEW YORK restaurant which first introduced female waiters, has been obliged to give them up, because, "first, the crinoline impeded locomotion and occupied too much space, and second, because the young women had too many male cousins among their guests, to whom they gave too much attention; and sometimes forgot to give the right tickets, to the injury of the exchequer of the establishment."

THE CROPS.—We continue to hear from all sections, the most gratifying accounts of the growing grain, and, as yet, no complaint of injury from the various causes to which it is liable. From present indications, the harvest will be ten or twelve days earlier than usual, and an abundant one in Maryland.—*Frederick Examiner.*

THE court milliner recently died in London, leaving property worth $400,000. She leaves most of it to charities; for herself, she directed that she should be buried in point lace.

THE Ohio Legislature have passed a law making it a misdemeanor to carry a pistol, bowie knife, dirk, or any other concealed weapon, under the penalty of a fine not exceeding $200, and imprisonment not more than thirty days for the first offence; and $500 fine and imprisonment for three months, or both, at the discretion of the court, for the second offence; and in pursuance of the law, the Mayor of Cincinnati has directed the police to arrest and bring before him all persons whom they shall find with concealed weapons.

☞ Whenever you see a gall with a whole lot of sweethearts, it's an even chance if she gets married to any on 'em. One cools off and another cools off, and before she brings any on 'em to the right weldin' heat, the coal is gone and the fire is out. Then she may blow and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame can she blow up again, to save her soul alive. I never see a clever-looking gall in danger of that, I don't long to whisper in her ear—You dear little critter, you, take care, you have too many irons in the fire, some on 'em will get stone cold, and t'other ones will get burnt so, they'll be no good in natur.—*Sam Slick.*

☞ On the first of April, 1810, Napoleon married the Austrian Archduchess, Maria Louisa, on which occasion some of the waggish Parisians called him "*un poisson d'Avril*," an April-fish, or April-fool. The marriage, certainly, was not a happy one, nor were its political results what the great conqueror had anticipated.

THE SICKLES TRIAL.

The defence having got through their case, the prosecution brought forward rebutting evidence. Several witnesses testified to Mr. Sickles apparent calmness after the killing of Key. Mr. Doyle, for instance, said:—"When I came up to Mr. Sickles, he turned round almost immediately; I thought his manner self-possessed; more than his speech indicated; there was more excitement in the expression than the manner."

Of the curious incidents of the trial were the following: Among the letters received by the counsel on either side, from various parts of the country, one was received from a female, signing herself, in Greek characters, Olympia Aikan, and describing herself as "one of the order of frailty—one of the simple waiters for the wave of some masculine pocket handkerchief." The letter is dated West Randolph, Vermont, and asks the counsel's attention to the following extract from White Lies:

"I'd have no wasps round my honey. If my wife took a lover, I would not lecture the woman. What's the use? I would kill the man then and there. I would kill him in doors or out. I would kill him as I would a snake. If she took another, I would send him after the first; and so on till one killed me."

The Judge said there was a letter on his desk, directed to one of the jurors, Mr. Wilson, in care of the judge. It bore the New York post-mark. He supposed there was no objection to its being handed to the juror.

Assent was given on both sides, and the letter was handed over. After a few minutes the letter was returned to the judge, who said to the counsel—This letter is handed back by the juror. He knows nothing about it or the writer. It proceeds from the very worst motives. It is an impertinent, improper, and unwarranted interference with the courts of justice.

The letter was handed down and examined by counsel. Mr. Brady remarked that the manuscript was similar to that of the anonymous letter to Mr. Sickles. Both letters were examined together, and the counsel agreed as to the similarity of the handwriting in both letters.

Judge.—It is a matter of extreme regret that the author of that letter cannot be known.

The letter was kept secret among the counsel, but it was understood, among other things, to convey slanderous assertions against Mr. Sickles and some of his counsel.

After some time spent in examining the letter, the Judge said he supposed the best course would be to put it in custody of the District Attorney; but for the injurious remarks against gentlemen whose names are often before the public, he would have directed it to be filed. An attempt will be made to ascertain and punish the author of the letter.

A cipher letter, which was found in Mr. Key's pocket, was deciphered by an expert, and attempted to be given in evidence, but the Judge ruled that it could not be done, as rebutting evidence only was in order. The counsel on both sides are to preserve strict secrecy as to the contents or character of this cipher letter.

[The letter is written in a sort of cipher, which consists in the substitution of one letter for another—Y for A, for instance. It is supposed to be a letter from Mrs. Sickles to Mr. Key. The defence, it is said, do not wish to have it made public, in order to prevent any further shame to Mrs. Sickles, and it may be because it may show that Mr. Key was as much the tempted as the tempter.]

On the 22nd, Mr. Carlisle informed the Court that the prosecution had submitted to the counsel for the defence an offer of evidence, and were waiting for the result of their examination.

[It is surmised that the offer of evidence was connected with the inquiry into Mr. Sickles' own conduct, and particularly into the matter of alleged visits with a lady to Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore. It is said that a lady registered as "Mrs. Sickles," stayed there with him, when the real Mrs. Sickles was in Washington. The proprietors of the hotel were in Court. Messrs. Brady, Graham, and Ould stepped up to the Bench, and, in a low tone of voice, discussed the matter with the Judge, evidently submitting the matter to his decision. Authorities were submitted on both sides, and some time was spent by the Judge in consulting them, after which the Judge said—For obvious reasons, the Court will do no more than merely state its opinion on this point, and that opinion is, that this evidence is not admissible.]

A painful scene occurred at the time of the adjournment. Mr. Hart, who has been unremitting in acts of kindness to Mr. Sickles since the melancholy occurrence, and who has been constantly by his side, comforting and sustaining him, was forced to leave for New York this afternoon. On taking leave, both exhibited deep emotion—Mr. Sickles almost fainting in the dock.

An act of reconciliation between the counsel took place in Court about the same time. Mr. Stanton came up to Mr. Ould and made an apology for any harsh remarks he had made use of in the progress of the case. Mr. Ould frankly accepted the apology, and expressed his pleasure at the restoration of amicable relations.

It is also currently rumored that the jury made up their minds a week ago; and this may account for the weakness of the rebutting testimony, and also for the unanimous disposition to dispense with the summing-up speeches.

On Saturday, Ex-Senator Brodhead, of Pennsylvania, delivered his testimony. He was at Judge Black's when Mr. Sickles came in after the homicide. He said:—"We were seated but for a moment or two when Mr. Sickles came in; after shaking hands with him, I introduced him to Mr. Haldeman, who is editor of the Democratic paper at Harrisburg, a few words passed between Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Sickles on the subject of Pennsylvania politics—but very few; which commenced the conversation I cannot tell; I called Mr. Sickles' attention to some mud on his boots, and remarked that he was unfortunate in crossing the street; he said he was, and would take it off. He then left the room, but returned, when we learned of the tragedy. Seeing that he was without friends, Mr. Haldeman tendered our services to go with him to the magistrate. He thanked us. I asked was it a bailable offence; he said he did not know; but that if all the facts were known, it would be. He then added—'For God knows I would be justified,' or 'I could not help it,' which expression he used, I cannot now remember. By this time Mr. Gillette came in, and I think Mr. Butterworth also; some one asked whether Key was dead; Mr. Butterworth said yes; I do not recollect who asked that. Mr. Sickles then muttered something about there being one wretch less in the world, and seemed considerably excited."

Each side then offered the instructions which it wished given to the jury—and proceeded to argue their respective points at considerable length.

☞ There is nothing more universally commanded than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.—*Shenstone.*

☞ What Age Brings with It.—As we grow older, it is with hearts as with heads of hair; for one that we find real, there are nine that are false!—*Punch.*

New hopes may bloom, and days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But, there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream. —*Moore.*

☞ The best actions we never recompense, and the worst are seldom chastised.

☞ Affectation of wisdom often prevents one from becoming wise.

A Mystery.—There is a grass-plot, four or five feet wide, about the house No. 14, Irving Place, on the corner of Fifteenth street, New York. On Tuesday afternoon, the children who were at play in the street, were startled to see, on this grass, a brown paper parcel, torn enough to disclose human fingers, and the back of a hand. The finger nails were fully half an inch long. Under the nails the flesh was slightly discolored, but not so much as is usual in natural death. The fingers were long and taper, and clenched, the two smaller ones tightly, the fore and middle fingers hooked. The thumb was covered with the paper, but enough of the back of the hand and arm was visible to show that it was the arm of a woman, and very much attenuated. It seemed to have been separated about midway between the elbow and the wrist. There was no blood to be seen. A crowd gathered about it; a waiting man came out, picked it up, with another piece of paper, said it was not worth looking at, and called to a man, who had a calico parcel under his arm, to take it away. He took it, and walked down Irving Place to Fourteenth street, thence eastward. There appeared to be no special reason why the calico-parcel man should take it away.

This suggests the ease with which a body might be disposed of, by cutting it up, and distributing it in parcels wherever it might be convenient to throw them away.—*New York Tribune.*

Free Love in Hayti.—Mr. James R. Redpath has recently been on a visit to Hayti, and is writing a series of articles for the New York Tribune, which gives a most unfavorable account of the morals and the condition of the people of that country. Mr. Redpath's account of the low state of morals is truly deplorable. He says marriage is almost unknown. The woman who lives in the house with the man is regarded as his wife, but each man who can afford it, is expected to support several concubines. And this promiscuous intercourse degrades neither the man nor woman in the estimation of society. Indeed, the mother first gives her consent before the daughter assumes the relation of concubine. The correspondent says the doctrine of free-love, as applicable to the present condition of society, has had free scope there for many years, and a more utterly demoralizing system, or one better adapted to drive out all the purity there is from the earth, can scarcely be conceived of. There are some indications of improvements, most of those who have had their education in Europe having returned with more correct ideas of the marriage relation.

A Female Robinson Crusoe.—The Chicago Herald has a long account of a young lady who was cast away in an uninhabited isle in Lake Superior, while going from Cleveland, Ohio, to Green Bay, Lake Michigan, and who continued to reside for three years upon that island, living off the stores which she got from the wreck, and preserving herself from the cold by cutting wood, probably with her scissors, which she saved. The story is a very interesting one; the only thing which puzzles is, whether the storm blew the vessel over, through, or under the Sault Canal, on the St. Mary's, so as to get into Lake Superior. The New York Times, we see, has the same narrative, and thinks the story "is not improbable." A bark jumping a canal is certainly a curious feat, if not an improbable one.

From California.—The bill to divide the State of California has passed the house.

The House has also passed a bill calling a Convention of Delegates from California, Oregon, Washington, and Arizona, to consider a plan for the construction of a Pacific railroad.

Business was dull at San Francisco, and the markets unchanged.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	106	—
" 5 " coupon '74	103¾	104¼
Phila 6 pr ct, old	100	—
" " new	103	103½
" 5 "	—	94½
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	55
All'gy City 6 pr ct	75	—
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	55	51½
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 " coupon	—	95½
" 5 "	93½	94
Tenn 6 pr ct	81	82
" " coupon	80½	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1856	103	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	94½	94½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	81½	82
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	142	—
Philadelphia	121	—
Far & Mec	60½	63
Commercial	52	—
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	28½	—
Southwark	69	—
P Township	56½	—
Kensington	60½	—
Girard	51	—
Western	—	70
Man & Mech	27½	27½
Commerce	67	—
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	48	48
Consolidation	26½	27
Commonwealth	22½	22½
Corn Exchange	—	25
Germantown	58½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	59	—
Exchange	56½	—
Kentucky Ky.	118	—
Northern "	—	137
Louisville "	110	115
Farmers "	126	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	105	109
Planters "	110	114½
N O Gas Light	142	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	—	25½
Lehigh Zinc	11	12
New Creek	—	—
New Orleans	3	4
N America ins'nce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	31
Southwark & Frankford RR	—	65
Bonds	91	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	103	104
2nd " "	—	91
stock	—	—
Interest off	41½	41¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	97
stock	121	121½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	85	85½
mort 6's '44	—	—
" " '88	75	75½
stock	25½	25¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	83½	83¾
stock	43	43½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	37	38
6 pr ct loan '60	97	—
Ches Val R R	72	41
Tioga R R	75	—
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	72	75
2d "	—	52½
stock	9½	5½
Catawissa	6½	6½
Beaver Meadow stock	52½	59
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R stock	9½	9½
6 pr ct loan	65½	66
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	53½	53½
6 pr ct loan	99	—
Minehill R R	60	61½
Har and Lan R R stock	57½	57½
bonds '85	94	96
L. Schuylkill R R stock	20	20½
Long Island R R stock	12½	12¾
bonds	81½	—
Erie R R stock	9	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central "	75½	—
Michigan Central "	47½	48½
Illinois "	67½	—
Michigan Southern	12½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '32	73½	74
imp. 6 pr ct	84	85
stock	9½	10
preferred	19	19½
Lehigh Nav stock	51½	—
mort 6 pr ct	99	100
scrip	99½	—
Morris Canal stock	85½	85½
preferred	107½	—
Ches & Del	41	—
bonds	77½	—
Union	3½	4
bonds	57½	59
Sus & Tidewater	4	5
bonds 1878	57	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 23, 1859.

Pennsylvania.	
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis	
Relief notes 4-10 dis	
New Jersey.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
Delaware.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
Maryland.	
Baltimore ½ dis	
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis	
New York.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
Maine.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
New Hampshire.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Vermont.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Connecticut.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Massachusetts.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Rhode Island.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Virginia.	
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis	
Dist. of Columbia.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
North Carolina.	
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis	

Georgia.	
Solvent banks ½ dis	
South Carolina.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Alabama.	
Solv bks 1 to 2 dis	
Mississippi.	
All bks uncertain	
Louisiana.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Ohio.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Kentucky.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Indiana.	
State bank ½ dis	
Illinois.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
Missouri.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
Tennessee.	
Old banks 2 dis	
Michigan.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
Wisconsin.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
Texas.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis	
Canada.	
Solv bks 1 dis	

The Source of the Nile.—*Another Expedition.*—A letter from Marseilles states that a fresh expedition has been organized for discovering the source of the Nile. The expedition is conducted by M. Miani, a Venitian, who has inhabited Cairo for the last ten years. He is a member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and the author of a map of the Valley of the Nile. He has carefully studied the various difficulties attending this perilous enterprise. M. Miani is supplied with a formidable material, and his escort is to be numerous. He takes with him a quantity of French trinkets.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market early in the week was extremely dull, and prices are rather firmer, although ranging 12½c ₱ bbl below the rates current at the close of last week. Sales of 9000 bbls at $5@6,12½ ₱ bbl for superfine, $6,25 for extra, and $6,44@6,62½ for extra family, including 500 bbls. The sales to the home trade have been to a fair extent at $6,12½@7,25 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been dull, and the former is rather lower. Sales of 300 bbls at $4,12½@4,25. 200 bbls Penna Meal brought $3,87½; 500 bbls Brandywine at $4,12½; 1000 bbls and 50 puncheons do on private terms. 20,000 lbs Buckwheat Meal sold at $1,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat during the past week, the arrivals both by railroad and water being small. There has been a fair inquiry, but prices have undergone no quotable change, although for prime lots holders have, in some instances, succeeded in realizing rather better prices. Sales of 13,000 bus Penna and Western in lots at $1,50@1,58 for fair and choice red, and $1,55@1,65 for white, including several lots of choice Kentucky at our highest rates. Rye is in better demand; 4000 bus Penna sold at 85@87c. Corn was dull early in the week, and prices fell off 1c ₱ bus, but since, this decline has been recovered. Sales of 2600 bus yellow at 86@87c, chiefly at the latter figure, afloat, including some at 88c; damaged lots at 74@85c, and 1000 bus mixed red and yellow at 85½c; 500 bus inferior white sold at 78c; 800 bus prime do on private terms, and some damaged and inferior at 80c. Oats are dull and lower, 8000 bus Southern and Penna sold at 50@53c. Barley is dull; a sale of Penna at 85c, and New York at 86c. Malt ranges from 95c to $1, as in quality.

PROVISIONS—Supplies of all kinds have come forward very slowly since Friday last, and there has been a firmer feeling in the market generally. Sales of Mess Pork at $18,50@18,62, and Prime at $13,25, on time. City packed Mess Beef sells in a small way for ship's stores at $15,50; 50 bbls Western do sold at $14. A sale of Beef Hams at $18,50. Bacon—There has been very little inquiry this week, and prices have undergone no change. Sales of 120 casks, in lots, at 10½@12½c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; 9½c for Sides; and 7½@7½c ₱ lb, 60 days, for Shoulders. Green Salted Meats have met a fair inquiry, but the offerings are light, and prices continue as last quoted. Sales of Hams in pickle, at 10½@10½c; do in salt, at 9½@9½c, Sides at 8½@9½c; and Shoulders at 6½@6½c, 60 to 90 days. Lard is in better demand. Sales of 500 tierces and barrels at 11½@12c cash, and small lots of kegs at 12½@13c ₱ lb, cash and 60 days. Butter—Solid packed is very dull, and is lower. Sales of 100 kegs at 10c ₱ lb. For Roll there is a fair inquiry, and it is selling freely, on arrival, at 19@25c ₱ lb, as in quality. Cheese is selling at 10½c, and Eggs at 13@14c.

COTTON—The market is exceedingly quiet, there being no speculative demand and the manufacturers purchasing cautiously. The European advices, although generally unfavorable, have not had a particle of effect upon prices. Sales of 980 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 12½c for low middlings up to 13½c ₱ lb, cash, for middling fair quality, including some samples at 12½c@13¼, and inferior at 11½c.

BARK—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron Bark are light, and the demand for it has been good; sales of 80 hhds No 1 at $33 ₱ ton, at which rate holders are firm. In Tanners' Bark no change. Spanish Oak is worth $16@16, and Chestnut $11@12 ₱ cord.

COAL—The market continues in a very unsettled and unsatisfactory condition. Sales of Schuylkill White Ash at $3,15@3,25, and Red Ash at $3,25@3,35 ₱ ton, free on board at Richmond. A small sale of Bituminous Coal at 14½c ₱ bush.

COFFEE—The stock of Rio in first hand, which was exhausted at the close of last week, has been increased by the arrival of 7000 bags. Two invoices 4072 bags Laguayra, have also arrived this week. The demand is moderate and prices firm. Sales of 2500 bags at 11¼c for fair and prime quality; 2000 bags mostly at 10½c; 2000 bags Laguayra at 11½c, and a lot of St. Domingo at 10½c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are very dull; good Western sell in lots at 46@47c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit comes forward slowly, and meets a very limited inquiry. Sales of Dried Apples at 8½@9c; and Peaches at 8@10c for unpared quarters and halves, and 14@18c for pared—the latter rate for prime, which are scarce and wanted. Green Apples are scarce, and range from $3 to $4, as in quality.

HEMP is unchanged, and no sales have been reported. It is not wanted.

HIDES are in good demand. An import of 5000 Pernambuco and two imports of Laguayra and Porto Cabello have been disposed of at 16c ₱ lb, 6 mos, for the former, and 23@24½c for the latter.

HOPS are in limited request. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 12@18c ₱ lb, as in quality.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal has been rather dull, but there appears no disposition on the part of holders to accept lower rates. Sales of 400 tons at $24 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for No 1; $23 for No 2, and $21,50@22 ₱ ton for No 3. Scotch Pig Iron has declined to $26@26,50 ₱ ton. Blooms are unchanged. A sale of Wire Billets at $90 ₱ ton, 6 mos. 2000 tons old Railroad Bars sold in a neighboring market last week at about $34,50 ₱ ton, 6 mos. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron are unchanged.

LEAD—There has been more doing. Sales of 1200 pigs Spanish on private terms, and 271 pigs Virginia at 4c ₱ lb, cash.

LEATHER—Prime qualities of Spanish Sole and Slaughter are scarce and much wanted.

LUMBER—The demand continues to increase for all descriptions. Among the sales we notice some White Pine Shipping Boards at $14@14,50; Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $15@16; Hemlock at $7,50@9, and Spruce Joist at $13 ₱ M feet. Laths are worth $1,50@2, and Pickets $6@7 ₱ M feet for 4 and 4½ feet.

MOLASSES—The market is quiet, and prices steady. Sales of 600 hhds and bbls Cuba Muscovado at 29@31c; Clayed at 25@26c, and New Orleans at 40@41c, 4 mos.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is dull, and the sales have been only in a small way, at $5@5,25 ₱ 64 lbs. Timothy and Flaxseed are very quiet. The former is worth $2@2,25, and the latter $1,12@1,75 ₱ bushel.

SUGAR—The market has been very dull since our last weekly report. Supplies have been coming forward more freely, most of which will go into store, as buyers and sellers are somewhat apart in their views. Sales of 900 hhds Cuba, Porto Rico, and New Orleans at 6½@7¼c ₱ lb, on time, and 2,000 bags Brazil, at 7¼c. By auction 300 hhds and 305 bbls Cuba sold at 6½@7¼c.

SPIRITS—In Brandy and Gin very little movement, and no change to notice in prices. Sales of Portland and Boston Rum at 36@38c. Whiskey is very quiet, but prices are steady. Sales of Pennsylvania at 25½@26; Ohio do at 26½c; Prison at 26@26½c; hhds at 25½c, and drudge at 24@24½c.

TALLOW is scarce; and City Rendered is in moderate request at 10½c ₱ lb, cash. Country commands 10½@10¾c.

TOBACCO—The demand continues fair for both Leaf and Manufactured at previous rates. Cuba ₱ lb 21@26; Kentucky 6½@15; do Maysville 5½@16; Maryland 6@12½; Virginia 5@17; Penna Seed Leaf 7@16; Connecticut Seed Leaf 7½@25; Manufac'd 12½@30; Ladies' Twist 30@33; Cavendish No 1 35@40; do Nos 2 and 3, 22@30; Common ₱ lb 12½@18.

WOOL—There is quite a lull in the market, the manufacturers generally being well supplied both here and at the Eastward, and in consequence, some concession in prices has been acceded to. The new clip will commence to come forward in four or five weeks should the weather continue favorable. Sales of 40,000 lbs from 37½c up to 50c, cash.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERBEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARE, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

A DUTY.

The preservation of health is a duty we owe not only to ourselves, but also to those who may be dependent upon us, to those with whom we may be associated as relatives or friends. With a due consideration for this, those afflicted with Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, Weakness of the Stomach or Digestive Organs, will find a never-failing remedy in HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, which can be had of any druggist or dealer in medicines, at 75 cents per bottle.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY may well be called a "wonder of medical science." It cures coughs, and colds *instanter*; it soothes the irritated parts; it heals the inflammation; and even consumption itself yields to its magic influence.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Martin's Avenue Drove Yard:—13 head G Hitch, Berks co, 10½@11½; 15 J Kauffmann, Lancaster co, 10½@11½; 12 J P Taylor, Mifflin co, 9@10; 18 W Fuller, Westmoreland co, 10½@11½; 9 T Benston, Delaware co, 9@10; 12 Ullman & Co, Montgomery co, 9@9½; 24 Baldwin, Chester co, 9@11½. Sheep—5000 sold at 5@7½c ₱ lb, gross.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—5 head Dr. Hopkins, Md, 11½@12½; 70 Seldomridge & Bro, Lancaster co, 10½@12½; 6 B Hood, Chester co, 9@11½; 6 W Mount, by McCall, do, 11@12; 57 Scott & Coohran, Va, 10½@11½; 9 Brown & Knode, Ind, 10½@11½; 12 J Kirk, Pa, 10@11.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th of March, by the Rev. R. Street, Mr. George Hastings, formerly of New York city, to Miss Sarah Angeline Riker, of Irving Place, New Jersey.

In Manayunk, on the 17th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. John Hilton, of Norristown, to Mrs. Margaret Ryan, of Manayunk.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Newton Heston, Mr. John S. Vandegrift, of Bucks county, Pa. to Miss Elizabeth E. Harris, of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. And. Manship, Mr. James M. Tage, to Miss Maria P. Woolby, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. William Thomas, to Miss Ann Maria Lewis, both of Chester county, Pa.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. Edward N. Kohn, to Miss Adelia T. Rich.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. James Taylor, to Miss Mary A. Motherwell, both of this city.

On the 14th of Oct. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. Charles W. Genkin, to Miss Mary P. Shaw, of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Bunker, Mr. Aquila H. Craig, of this city, to Miss Clara C. Rambo, of Upper Darby, Del. county.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, on his farm, near Mercer, Mercer county, Pa., Rev. Joseph Banks, in his 53d year.

On the 17th instant, George Hays, aged 43.

On the 19th instant, Miss Elizabeth Flowers, aged 22 years.

On the 18th instant, Catharine, wife of Thos. Vindmer, aged 51 years.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. Martha Yorston aged 46 years.

On the 18th instant, Eliza B. wife of Paul J. Kirby, aged 20 years.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. Margaret J. Kelly, aged 20 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. Catharine O. Towson, aged 68 years.

On the 17th instant, Elizabeth, wife of Thos. B Johnson, aged 26 years.

On the 18th instant, Sarah McCartney, aged 34 years.

On the 16th instant, James P. Crudd, Esq. aged 54 years.

On the 16th instant, Mr. Joseph Holmes, aged 29 years.

On the 9th instant, Thomas Lawrence, aged 57 years.

On the 11th instant, Elizabeth, wife of Henry Stiles, aged 57 years.

THE NEW COLORS.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,
Have Received a Case of
ORGANDIES,
Printed in the New Color,
VIOLET OF THE ALPS.
PRICE 31 CENTS PER YARD.
809 AND 811 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

$2,000 PER YEAR: HONORABLE BUSINESS! Agents, Local or Travelling, wanted in every Town and County in the Union, to engage in the sale of New Articles (Patent) of Utility, Beauty and Novelty, demanded in every family, office, store and manufactory, affording large profits and quick sale. No humbug or medicine, and no bonus for patent right. Books of description, terms, references, and notices mailed on application with three cent stamp, to WILBUR SMITH & CO., ap30-8t 36 South Third street, Phila., Pa.

WHISKERS IN SIX WEEKS.—YES, my magical Onguent will force the beard or moustache or hair to grow luxuriantly within that time, without stain or injuring the skin. Price $1. Sent to any address by mail free. R. G. GRAHAM, 1t No. 109 Nassau St., New York.

GOLD.—Full instructions by which any person can master the art of Ventriloquism in a few hours. Sent to any person for 10 cents. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois. 1t

AGENTS WANTED—$5 to $10 per day profit.—All may apply. Send a red stamp, for particulars, to DR. EARL, feb26-3m 129 Franklin St., N. Y.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

CARRIAGES

OF THE MANUFACTURE OF
WILLIAM D. ROGERS,
REPOSITORY,
1009 AND 1011 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Manufactory,
N. W. corner of Sixth and Master Sts.
ap30-tf

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

Gold Hunter Levers, 18 ka. case, full jeweled	$40
Gold pan face Levers, 18 ka. case, full jeweled	30
Silver Hunting Levers, full jeweled	18
Silver open face Levers, full jeweled	14
Silver Lepines, open face	9
Gold vest or neck Chains	10
Levi Brown's celebrated Gold Pens from $1 to 3	

We can send, *by mail*, Watches or Jewelry to any part of the United States with perfect safety. All orders must be accompanied with the cash. No goods sent unless the money is first received. Call or address LEWIS LADOMUS & CO.,
802 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
P. S. All Watches warranted to keep good time. ap30-tf

RHODES SUPER-PHOSPHATE.

IN BARRELS OR BAGS. $45 PER TON
MANUFACTURED BY
B. M. RHODES & CO.,
OFFICE, 82 SOUTH STREET,
BOWLY'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.
SOLE AGENT,
S. J. CHRISTIAN,
Nos. 141 North WATER Street, and 148 North WHARVES, PHILADELPHIA, PA. ap30-4t

A RARE CHANCE
FOR MEN WANTING EMPLOYMENT!!
Just Published, and Ready for Canvassers, a New and Beautiful MAP, entitled
OUR REPUBLIC,
Embracing a County Map of the UNITED STATES, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and extending southward to include MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA, the WEST INDIA ISLANDS, and also the various routes across the Isthmus; with a small County Map of the United States as it was in 1812—a Plan of the World on Mercator's Projection—and a neat Map of Central Europe. Size of the entire Map, 5 feet 1 inch, by 4 feet 4 inches.
Liberal terms made to Canvassers, and sections set off for their exclusive occupancy.
Send for a Circular with full particulars, to
ENSIGN, BRIDGMAN & FANNING,
ap30-3t 156 William St., New York.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND. Music and Words. Price, 50 cts. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

TO DEALERS IN OIL CLOTHS.

The Subscriber, having superior facilities for manufacturing FLOOR, TABLE, STAIR and CARRIAGE OIL CLOTHS, is now prepared to offer great inducements to buyers from all parts of the country. A large stock always on hand. Warehouse 229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
THOMAS POTTER, Manufacturer.
N. B.—Orders from all parts of the country solicited, and great care taken in filling them. ap30-3t

TO INVENTORS AND PATENTEES

ELLIOT & PATTEN procure AMERICAN and FOREIGN PATENTS, and attend to all business pertaining thereto. *Inquiries regarding the novelty and patentability of inventions answered without charge.* Agency opposite main entrance, Patent Office, Washington, District of Columbia. feb23-eow1f

618 MARKET STREET.
J. LADOMUS
Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the celebrated AMERICAN, ENGLISH and SWISS WATCHES, warranted accurate time-keepers, which he is selling lower than ever offered. Wholesale and Retail; also, Jewelry and Silver and Silver-plated Ware of every style. Orders sent to any part of the United States.
No. 618 MARKET ST., Cor. Decatur.
mch26-3t

$2,000 A YEAR.

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7 can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars, address (with stamp,)
ACTON & CO.,
oct30-tf 41 North Sixth St., Philada.

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH
In any water, as fast as you can pull them out, *and no humbug*—sent for $1. Address
mar26-9t "UNION AGENCY," Peace Dale, R. I

EMPLOYMENT.
$50 A MONTH and ALL EXPENSES PAID.—AN AGENT IS WANTED in every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. For further particulars address DR. J. HENRY WARNER, CORNER OF BROOME AND MERCER STREETS, NEW YORK CITY. ap9-4t

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell four new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages of particulars, gratis.
feb5-13t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

IF YOU ARE BALD, and wish a good head of HAIR, EYEBROWS, MOUSTACHE or WHISKERS grown quickly, or the color of your hair changed, inclose four stamps to Prof. BIRDSALL, New York P. O., and receive his valuable book, containing full instructions to accomplish these objects. ap23-3t

NOW READY;
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
FOR MAY.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.
BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
This serial, began in the December number of the Atlantic, has been received with universal favor, and bids fair to become the greatest work of the gifted novelist. Her portraitures of character are full of spirit,—equally remarkable in their firm outlines and in the minute touches which none but the hand of genius can give. The Minister's Wooing will be continued through the year.

THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE
is likely to deepen the impression produced by the brilliant conversations of
THE AUTOCRAT.
Few living writers have so large or so various an intellectual constituency as Dr. Holmes; and it is, perhaps, needless to commend an author whose monthly papers every intelligent American *must* read.

The pages of the Atlantic are stereotyped, and back numbers can be supplied.

Terms.—Three Dollars per annum, or twenty-five cents a number. Upon the receipt of the subscription price, the publishers will mail the work to any part of the United States, pre-paid. Subscriptions may begin with either the first or any subsequent number.

The postage of the ATLANTIC is 36 cents a year, pre-paid.

Clubs.—For Ten Dollars the Publishers will send five copies of the ATLANTIC for one year; the subscribers to pay their own postage.

Clergymen, Teachers, and Postm

Wit and Humor.

CATALOGUE OF THE VARIOUS MODES OF SHAKING HANDS.

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its nature, force, and character, this shake should be performed with a fair, steady motion. No attempt should be made, to give it grace and still less vivacity, as the few instances in which the latter has been tried, have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the *pump-handle* shake, should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement, to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal, instead of perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hands horizontally towards your friend's, and after the junction is effected, rowing with it, from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use, which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane, strictly to the horizon, when you meet with a person who has been educated to the *pump-handle* shake. It is well known that people cling to the *forms* in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed to adhering to them. I had two uncles, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the *pump-handle* shake, and another had brought home the *pendulum* from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavored to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened; the drops stood on their foreheads. And it was at least a pleasant illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting into an exact diagonal; in which line they ever after shook; but it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it; and, as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet* shake is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend as far as you can in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend. Particular care ought to be taken, if your own hand is as hard and as big as a *frying-pan*, and that of your friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the *tourniquet* shake to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of the place. It is as seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty uncle the "tourniquet" shake with such severity, as had well nigh reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinherited—as soon as his uncle's fingers got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grievous touch* is opposed to the "cordial grapple." It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild, subsultory motion, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described; but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the *prude major* allows you to touch them only down to the second joint. The *prude minor* gives you the whole of the fore finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or stretching a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a long list of the *grip royal*, the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake *with malice prepense*; but they are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described as the *pump-handle*, the *pendulum*, and the *tourniquet*. I should trouble you with a few remarks in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of character; but as I see a friend coming up the avenue, who is addicted to the *pump handle*, I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

Books not in Press.—"The Polishing of the Dun Cow," by the author of "The Scouring of the White Horse."

"Whity-Brown," a poem, by the author of "Bitter-Sweet."

"Many Ways out of Wedlock," by the author of "Two Ways to Wedlock."

"Eve Button," by the author of "Adam Beade."

"Before the Sun Rose," by the author of "While it was Morning."

"The Live Notoriety," by the author of "The Dead Secret."

"Words to be Borrowed," by the editor of "Readings for Lent."

"Lodgings to Let," by the author of "Inquire Within."

"The Column of Smoke," by the author of "The Pillar of Fire." (Decidedly a better story than the author's "Pirate of the Gulf," and "Dancing Feather.")

"The Profane Truth Teller," by the author of "The Sacred Lyre."

"How came he by it in the first place?" by the author of "What will he do with it?"

These unwritten volumes can be secured by enterprising publishers, if they will offer sufficient inducements to the authors to write them.—*Providence Press.*

Taking it Coolly.—Mr. Barnes, wife, and two children, his niece and another young lady, with the writer, formed a party leaving Memphis for Clarksville, Tennessee, in the beginning of the summer of 1827. Arriving at Smithland, we were compelled to take a smaller boat on account of the extreme lowness of the Cumberland River. Such was found in the Nettie Miller, a very nice little stern-wheeler. We were proceeding on our way rejoicing, when suddenly we were thrown out of our nests and brought up all standing in the middle of the state-rooms. All the gentlemen rushed out in *dishabille* to learn the trouble, and were frankly told by the captain that the boat was badly snagged, and would sink in a few minutes! Mr. Barnes flew with alarm to his wife and the young ladies, seized his children, deposited them safely in a wood-boat, which the Nettie had in tow, and ran back. Surprised not to see any of the ladies out yet, he rushed to his wife's room, and found her quietly washing her face and hands.

"Why, my dear, the boat will sink in less than three minutes."

"Well," she replied, "I think I can be out before that time."

Dragging her along, he rushed almost frantic with excitement, to the young ladies' room, and found them very quietly combing their hair!

"For Heaven's sake!" says he, "young ladies, what do you mean? The boat will sink in two minutes, and here you are combing your hair."

"Why, uncle," says the niece, "you didn't expect us to go out there before all those young men with our hair in this fix—did you?"

Remarkable Historical Facts.—The New York Picayune says that the battle of Waterloo was not an American victory, and it is a matter of doubt whether any Chinese took part therein. Boarding houses were unknown in the island of Juan Fernandes at the time Mr. Selkirk resided there. Lager-bier was unknown in the days of Ptolemy. The O'Ryan family are descended from the constellation Orion. There are no existing Sanscrit manuscripts of Puss in Boots. The melodies of Mother Goose are undoubtedly the production of Tupper. Postage was not prepaid on the letters of Junius. The egg broken by Columbus was hard boiled. Samson is presumed to be the first gentleman that ever travelled on his muscle. The Yankeeism, "Do Tell," was originally used by a boy named Albert, to his father, a Swiss gentleman famous for his skill with the bow. "Indian corn" would seem to indicate that the aborigines had an occasional need of the services of a chiropodist. Salt was originally manufactured in the upper stories of buildings—hence sometimes called Attic. Garrote collars were first worn by Guy Fawkes.

Indian Anecdote.—Sequashequash, an Indian of the remains of a tribe in Connecticut, was some years since brought before a justice of the peace on some charge or other, which I do not recollect. John happened to be drunk at the time, and instead of answering directly to the questions put by the justice, merely muttered out—

"Your Honor is very—very wise—very wise—*y-y-y*-your Honor is very wise, I say."

Being unable to get any other answer from him, the justice ordered him to be looked up till the next day, when John was brought before him perfectly sober.

"Why, John," said the justice, "you were as drunk as a beast yesterday. When I asked you any questions, the only answer you made was—"Your Honor's very wise—very wise."

"Did I call your Honor *wise*?" said the Indian, with a look of incredulity.

"Yes," answered the magistrate.

"Then," replied John, "I must have been drunk, sure enough."

MARRIAGE.

From a lecture recently delivered by Bulwer, we extract a few passages:

"The law that binds the one man to the one woman," eloquently exclaimed the lecturer, "is so indelibly written by nature, that wherever it is violated, in general system, the human race is found to deteriorate in mind and form. The ennobling influences of woman cease; the wife is a companion—a hundred wives are but a hundred slaves. Nor is this all; unless man look to woman as a treasure to be wooed and won—her smile the charm of his existence—her single heart the range of his desires—that which deserves the name of love cannot exist; it is struck out of the healthful system of society.

"Now, if there be a passion in the human breast which most tends to lift us out of egotism and self—which most teaches us to live in another—which purifies and warms the whole mortal being—it is love, as we of the North hold it and cherish it. For even when the fair spring of youth has passed, and when the active life is employed in such grave pursuits, that the love of his early years seems to him like a dream of romance, still that love, having once lifted him out of egotism into sympathy, does but pass into new forms and development—it has locked his heart to charity and benevolence—it gives a smile to his home—it rises up in the voices of his children—from his hearth it circulates insensibly on to the laws that protect the hearth, to the native land which spreads around it.

"Thus, in the uniform history of the world, we discover that wherever love is created, as it were, and sanctioned by that quality between the sexes which the permanent and holy union of one heart with another proclaims; there, too, patriotism, liberty—the manly and the gentle virtues—also find their place; and wherever, on the contrary, love disappears in the gross satiety of the senses, there we find neither respect for humanity nor reverence for home, nor affection for the natal soil.

"And one reason why Greece is contrasted, in all that dignifies our nature, with the effeminate and dissolute character of the East which it overthrew, is, that Greece was the earliest civilized country in which, on the borders of those great monarchies, marriage was the sacred tie between one man and one woman—and man was the thoughtful father of a home, not the lord of a seraglio."

The kind gentleman who always brings colored candies in his pockets for the children.

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

BY DAVID BARKER.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or am right—
I shall always go for the weaker dog,
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said,
Or 'twere better I'd said it incog.,
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here's a health to the bottom dog.

Exeter, Me., March, 1859. —*N. Y. Post.*

STAMMERING

Is sometimes the result of habit or carelessness, at others, it succeeds a long attack of sickness. It is a kind of St. Vitus' Dance of the tongue. Not unfrequently it is brought on by the harsh treatment, or the inveterate ill-nature of parents, teachers, or superiors, in habitually meeting those under them with threatenings, scolding, or fault-finding. We have met before now with a most miserable class of human, or rather inhuman beings, who scarcely ever enter a room where are children, or servants, or dependents, without the expression of some disapprobation or complaint. This has very naturally the effect to confuse and intimidate a child, especially one of a highly nervous or excitable temperament: while steadiness and composure are the very antipodes of stuttering, which is essentially the throwing out too much nervous power, sending too much nervous influence to the muscles which are employed in speaking; the result is, a want of proper control of those muscles. Hence, whatever diminishes the nervous supply to those parts, whatever directs the nervous flow to some other part of the body, diminishes the stammering in the same proportion. This is the principle of cure in all cases, although we have never seen a reference to it by any writer. Some twenty years ago, the New York world was struck with dumb amazement at the instantaneous remedy for stammering, which was thrusting a knitting-needle through the tongue. But it cured only until the tongue got well, because, while the tongue was sore from the barbarous operation, the extra nervous energy was expended in the instinctive effort to refrain from any other than careful movement of the tongue. The expedient of Demosthenes in speaking with little pebbles in his mouth, was in the same direction. One of the most inveterate stammerers in London became possessed with a fancy that he would make a good actor. On his first appearance, the theatre was crowded, in curiosity. During the whole play, he did not mispronounce a single word, did not fail to utter distinctly a single syllable, because his mind was engaged in another effort, was excited in another direction, the extra nervous power found vent in another outlet—precisely as in the more recently alleged accidental discovery of a lady, that reading or speaking in a whisper is an instantaneous remedy; because it requires an effort to whisper; the mind's attention is directed to the act of whispering, and not to the distinctness of utterance. We will venture the assertion, that no man ever stammered in "popping the question" nor a young lady halt out y-ye-ye-yes. Instinct itself prompts a cure. After a long illness from an accident, our Robert, aged three years, suddenly began to stammer most vexatiously. His whole system was in a debilitated and irritable condition. He had never come in contact with a stammerer. And believing that scolding, or threats, or ridicule, would serve to fix the habit for life, which would have been a great misfortune, we made an effort, without apparent effort, to divert his attention to some other thing than the stammering. For example, when he asked for anything, he was told: "Now, if you ask for it plainly, you shall have it;" and before we were aware of it, we found him, whenever he attempted to ask for anything, striking his little hand against his thigh, as he stood before us, at the enunciation of every syllable; and by encouragement, we found the habit broken up in a few months. As it is a life-long calamity to have a son or daughter grow up a stutterer, we trust these hints may be turned to practical account by those whom it may concern. Anything else done at the time of uttering each syllable, divides the attention, gives two outlets to the extra nervous flow, and the remedy is complete; make a mark, pull a string, turn a leaf, stamp the foot—any one of them will effect a cure in a reasonable time.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Mysterious Providence.—One man sucks an orange, and is choked by a bit; another swallows a penknife, and lives; one runs a thorn into his hand, and no skill can save him; another has a shaft of a gig driven completely through his body, and recovers; one is overturned on a smooth common, and breaks his neck; and another tossed out of a gig over Brighton Cliff, and survives; one walks out on a windy day, and meets his death by a brickbat; another is blown up in the air, like Lord Hatton in Guernsey Castle, and comes down uninjured. The escape of this nobleman was indeed a miracle. An explosion of gunpowder, which killed his mother, wife and some of his children, and many other persons, and blew up the whole fabric of the castle, lodged him in his bed on a wall overhanging a tremendous precipice. Perceiving a mighty disorder (as well he might) he was going to leap out of bed to know what the matter was, which, if he had done, he would be irrevocably lost; but in the instant of his moving a flash of lightning came and showed him the precipice, whereupon he lay still until the people came and took him down.

Agricultural.

TIMELY HINTS FOR YARD AND GARDEN.

Not a day should be lost in procuring and transplanting Shrubs, Roses, and Flowering Vines. We hastily enumerate the following list of choice hardy shrubs:

Pink Mezereon,
Dwarf double-flowering Almond,
Double purple Tree Pæony,
Chinese White Magnolia,
Soulange's Magnolia,
Sweet-scented Magnolia, (M. glauca,)
White Fringe Tree,
Garland Deutzia, (*D. Scabra.*)
Large-flowered Syringa,
Broad-leaved Laburnum,
Rose Acacia,
Tartarian Tree-honeysuckle, red and white,
Double white Hawthorn,
Double pink Hawthorn,
Fragrant Clethra,
Oak-leaved Hydrangea,
Venitian Sumac (or Purple Fringe,)
Buffalo Berry,
Siberian Lilac,
The Althea or Hibiscus Syriacus,
Colutea Arborescens,
Chinese double-flowering Apple,
Deutzia Gracilis,
All the Spiræa,
Snowball, common though beautiful.

Some of the finest and hardiest climbing shrubs are the following:

Large flowering Trumpet Creeper,
Queen of the Prairie Rose,
Chinese Glycine,
Sweet-scented Clematis,
Double Purple Clematis,
Monthly Fragrant Honeysuckle,
Chinese Twining Honeysuckle,
Yellow Trumpet Honeysuckle,
Scarlet Trumpet Honeysuckle,
Japan Evergreen Honeysuckle,
Chinese Bignonia.

The following may be regarded as the best climbing Roses, and almost constant bloomers:

Glory of Rosamond, buff color;
White Microphylla,
Phillipart, pink;
Fellenberg, red;
Infant d'Ajacle, crimson;
Jeanne de Prey, buff.

The following is a good selection of Monthly Roses:

Hermosa, pink;
Cels, blush and pink;
Devoniensis, creamy white;
Archduchess, pure white;
La Reine, deep pink, very fine;
Baron Prevost, very fine;
Giant of the Battle, crimson;
Louis Phillippe, red;
Souvenir, blush;
Luxemburg, buff;
Queen of Lombardy, deep rose;
Saffrance, yellow buff;
Daily, light pink.

These will afford a succession of bloom throughout the season.

About the first of May and after for two weeks, Flowering Seeds should be sown, and a dollar spent in procuring the best varieties, unless they should be on hand from the previous season, will afford ten dollars' worth of pleasure. These varieties should include, among others, the Asters, Phlox Dromondii, Sweet Abyssum, Blue Glove, Mignonette, Portulacca, New Golden Chrysanthemum, (summer flowering,) Sweet Peas, Double China Pink, Cerevolulus, Burridgii, Hyacinth, Flowering Larkspur, Lupins, Sulpigiossis, Erysimune, Perofskyanum, Scabiosa, Major, &c.

The ground for flower seeds should be light and rich, and made as fine as possible. The seeds should be sown very thin on the surface, and carefully raked in. Of course no one must attempt to cultivate flowers without keeping the ground perfectly free of weeds, and often stirred, and if needed, watered.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

How to Water a Dry Farm.—I have a piece of land lying two miles from our home farm, which had no water on it, there being a ridge on it twenty-five or thirty feet high. I discovered at the lower side of this ridge, some moist places, that did not dry up as soon in the spring of the year as the rest of the ground. Here I commenced digging a ditch, water level on the bottom, and after digging a few rods, following the course of the water as well as I could, I found sufficient water, ten feet below the surface of the ground. I then filled with cobble-stone. At the mouth of this ditch I made a stone basin, not more than a foot square inside. This was done about eight years ago; since then we have had plenty of good, clean, running water, that never fails, fit for man or beast.—*Rural American.*

A Cure for Moles.—A Hungarian gardener has discovered that, by placing a piece of string soaked in benzoin round flower-beds, about seven inches in the earth, no mole will ever pass the barrier. The same thing above ground will keep off hares and rabbits.

To Cure Warts in Cattle.—Dissolve potash to a paste, cover the wart with it for half an hour, then wash it off with vinegar. The cure is sure for man or beast.—*New England Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

Restoration of Soiled Dresses, &c.—It is not generally known that velvets are readily restored by passing the under side of the velvet over with a warm smoothing-iron. The best way of doing this, is for one person to hold the velvet tight, and another to pass the iron over it on the wrong side, after which the velvet must be spread out, and a very delicate brush passed over the surface. The good effect of this, even on the most worn-out velvets, will scarcely be credited till tried; velvets but little worn may be made to look as well as new by this process. A very simple, yet certain mode of removing spots from mourning dresses is, to take a good handful of fig leaves, which must be boiled in two quarts of water till reduced to a pint—squeeze the leaves, and bottle the liquor for use; the articles, whether crape, cloth, bombazine, &c., need only be rubbed with a sponge dipped in the liquor, when the effect will be instantly perceived. Black silks may be washed as follows:—Warm small beer and mix some milk in it—then wash the silk in the liquid, and a fine color will be thus imparted. When a rigolette, netted or knitted, of fine white woolen or zephyr yarn, becomes soiled, wash it as follows:—Steep it in warm water till the water becomes cool, squeeze it out lightly and soap it with the best white soap; lay the rigolette, loosely, in a clean cullender, set the cullender over a pan of warm water, boiling, and let it steam till cool, then squeeze it out and shake it well; wash the cullender clean, put the rigolette again into it, and place it over a fresh pan of warm water, working it lightly up and down, till the steam has rinsed off the soap—then open it out, shake it, and dry it fast in the sun. A long zephyr scarf may be washed in the same manner. Also a netted or knitted shawl of fine woolen yarn; the shawl should be done in a small tub. No description of fine woolen should be rinsed in cold water, as the transition from warm to cold water will shrink it; and it should be shaken out and dried as fast as possible.

Brown Betty.—Take two dozen fine, large apples, and cut them into thin slices, pare them, if preferred, but it is not necessary. Crumb up a loaf of stale bread. Take a deep pudding dish, put in a layer of bread crumbs, then one of apple, sprinkle over them some brown sugar, put in a piece of butter, and any spice that may be preferred, then sprinkle in a very little cold water. Put on another layer of crumbs, and then the apple, sugar, butter, spice, and water again. Go on until the dish is full, making the top layer of apple. Bake in a quick oven. Eat hot, with sugar and butter, or sauce.

Ice Cream.—Take one quart of sweet cream, made very sweet with best sugar, and flavored; whip it to a light froth; skim off as fast as it is beaten and put into your freezer, until all is whipped to a light froth. You will find it will freeze in less time than any other recipe. The above will make five quarts of delicious cream.

Another.—Take one quart of sweet milk and cream; 2 eggs; 1 teacupful of white sugar; 1 teaspoonful of flour stirred into ½ teacupful of sweet milk; flavor to your liking. Put your milk in the freezer, or if you have no freezer a 3 quart pail is as good, and set it into a kettle of boiling water, stirring the milk frequently, so that it will not burn. Beat the eggs, and when the milk boils stir them into the milk—take it out of the water, put into the milk, the sugar, flour and flavoring. Put the ice into a bag and pound it into lumps the size of a hickory nut, put a layer of ice into a small tub, or whatever you wish to freeze it in, and a thin layer of salt, put your freezer or pail into the tub and then put a layer of ice and a layer of salt alternately around it. Stir the cream, which will freeze, from the sides with a spoon; stir it frequently until it is frozen. If you make it as directed, you will not fail of having excellent ice cream.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 7, 6, 2, 3, 23, 14, is a celebrated city of Greece, once the great world metropolis of philosophy and art.

My 35, 22, 45, 22, 51, 31, 39, was celebrated for his published collection of drawings, entitled "Birds of America."

My 51, 52, 46, 29, 26, 34, 37, was a noted fortress in Paris, built in the 14th century, and destroyed by the populace in 1789.

My 29, 22, 6, 32, 14, were old dismasted ships, formerly used as prisons in England.

My 33, 11, 7, 18, 16, was an illustrious Grecian philosopher.

My 21, 36, 30, 1, 4, was an eminent novelist and historian.

My 47, 15, 43, 13, 9, is a beautiful and celebrated valley of Thessaly, in the northern part of ancient Greece.

My 24, 12, 55, 23, 7, is a city of Russia, noted for its literary institutions and medical academy.

My 19, 50, 23, 23, 44, 51, 7, 8, was a general of the Carthaginians.

My 40, 41, 42, 51, 56, 14, was an ancient city of Upper Egypt.

My 53, 25, 48, 43, 14, 5, 23, was an eminent British poet.

My 51, 22, 17, 49, 5, 39, was a famous naturalist, the eloquence of whose style gave a charm to his scientific works.

My 10, 7, 54, 52, 27, 30, 43, 51, 46, is a cave for the burial of the dead.

My 13, 20, 8, 36, 31, 23, was a mountain celebrated in mythology.

My whole was a memorable event of the war between the Medes and Lydians.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 2, 7, 10, 5, was a Bishop of Tortona; died 1645.

My 1, 10, 4, was an English minister, grammarian, and Lexicographer.

My 10, 9, 2, 2, 7, 10, was the first who introduced the white mulberry into France.

My 6, 1, 5, 7, was a celebrated German alchymist.

My 8, 1, 3, was a celebrated German painter, who flourished about 1588.

My whole was a celebrated geometrician born in Sicily. J. R. BRICKER.

Litis.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. A river in British America.
2. A river in South Carolina.
3. A mountain in Massachusetts.
4. A kind of grease.
5. A river in Missouri.
6. A river in Russia.

The initials of these from the top, or the last letters from the bottom, will form the name of a great philosopher. EDMUND D. WRAY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a consonant.
My second is an exclamation of surprise.
My third is a beverage.
My whole sometimes injures sheep and potatoes.

HARRYS.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Amen.	Late.
Bale.	Sel tin.
Dolt.	Mary.
Earn.	The bear.
Form.	Wont.
Hog butt.	Or beef.

GAHMEW.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A has a valuable meadow, the shape of which is a scalene triangle. In this meadow there is a well of water; and if the largest possible circle be inscribed within this triangular meadow, its centre will fall exactly on the centre of the well. Now the number of rods from the centre of this well to the nearest corner of the meadow is equal to the square root of 5200; the number of rods from the centre of the well to the farthest corner of the meadow is equal to the square root of 8000, and the number of rods from the centre of the well to the other corner of the meadow is equal to the square root of 6500. B desires to purchase one-half of this meadow from A, to which A consents, on the condition that B shall cut off his half by describing a circle with its centre on the point of junction of the two shorter sides of the meadow. What is the radius of the circle which B must describe, according to the agreement, to cut off exactly one-half of the meadow? and how much more will it cost A to fence his half at $0.50 a rod, than it will B to fence his, at the same rate per rod? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves? Ans.—Because they ought to be taken up.

☞ Why does a coat get larger when taken out of a carpet-bag? Ans.—Because, when taken out, you find it *in creases*.

☞ Why is the letter N like a faithless lover? Ans.—Because it's inconstant.

☞ What is the nearest thing to a cat looking out of a window? Ans.—The window.

☞ Why are blacksmiths the most discontented of tradesmen? Ans.—Because they are always on the strike for wages.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Vesta, the Goddess of Fire and guardian of houses and hearths. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Marie Francis Arouet De Voltaire. CHARADE—Hand-mill. CHARADE—News-Paper. RIDDLE—Carpenter. ANAGRAMS—Maiden, Heard, Letters, Amen, Transpose, Another, Follow, General, Time, Tartary. QUESTION—He paid for the whole 6¼ acres, $191.71; for the last acre, $109.35; the last half acre, $65.61; gained of the first asked price, $10.79; and the land stood him per acre, $42.60 2-9.